THE
Counterfeits,
A
COMEDY,
As it is Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Ubi voluptas quæritur, ibi non minus laudis promeretur qui peſſimè dixit, quàm qui optimè, eò quòd non minus delectet——

Licenſed, *Aug.* 29. 1678. *R. L'eſtrange.*

LONDON,

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

PROLOGUE.

IT is the Fate of Strangers to the Town,
To have the Play and Prologue too their own:
Whilſt Writers here for one another ſweat,
Clubbing like Carr-men when a Brother's ſet.
Nay, dull inſipid Farce you will commend
For ſake of Prologue-writing gifted Friend;
Some gentle follower of the Wits, who thinks
He ſucks in Poetry when-e're he drinks.
Since theſe have left no Formal So or Thus,
I'll bluntly tell you what you'll have from us.
Know then our Poet ventures more by far
Then all the bluſtering Hero's of the War.
For he without a Second does engage
Throngs of a fulſome bawdy ſcribing Age;
And dares in th' midſt of cry'd-up Satyr vent
What you'll acknowledge nicely innocent.
'Tis bold and new, and 'mongſt the raffling Toys,
Whoſe Wit is beaſtly Impudence and Noiſe,
He knows he's damn'd; but won'd be ſo on choice.
Ladies, for you he writ, much griev'd to ſee
Your beſt of Pleaſures, harmleſs Comedy,
Made Bawd to ſuch mean durty Ribaldry
As ſcarce is known to th' Offall of the Gallery.
Shou'd he miſcarry, 'tis in ſuch a Cauſe
Will challenge Pardon, if not gain Applauſe.
Be kind, he's young, and on your hands may mend.
'Tis ſomething ſo to write as not t'offend.

The Actors Names.

D. *Gomez.*	Mr. *Anthony Lee.*
Don *Luis.*	Mr. *Gilloe.*
Vitelli.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Antonio.	Mr. *Harris.*
Carlos.	Mr. *Medburne.*
Peralta.	Mr. *Smith.*
Dormilon.	Mr. *Perſivall.*
Fabio.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Criſpin.	Mr. *Williams.*
Tonto.	Mr. *Richards.*
Boy.	Young *Mumford.*

Officers.

Women.

Elvira.	Mrs. *Lee.*
Violante.	Mrs. *Price.*
Clara.	Mrs. *Barrer.*
Flora.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*

THE

THE Counterfeits, A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

The High Street in Madrid.

Antonio, Carlos.

Car. SHe is your Sister, *Antonio.*

Ant. That's it that makes my Hell: were she as far from my Bloud, as now my Love, she might, if possible, out-sin her Sex, and never injure me. But to call me Brother, and be pointed at for Whore, *Carlos*; were the Lives of all our Family twisted up in hers, nay, should all Posterity perish with her, she dies.

Car. This Passion puts thee beyond all Counsel: prithee be thy self, and let me hear the Circumstances of your Story. I am too much a *Spaniard*, not to prompt you to Revenge; but would first know why, and how.

Ant. Believe me, thou art blest, *Carlos*, who hast none of this frail Tribe so near thy Bloud, to rack thy Thoughts. The very Being of the Sex is infectious, and from the moment of their Birth corrupts their Bloud, and leaves them all a Stain.

Car. This is Raving past hopes of Cure.

Ant. Would you have me tame, when all my Care and future Hopes are at once blasted? Had I not Fondness for her beyond that of Mothers? Fool that I was, to trust my Happiness on the treacherous prop of a Woman's Faith!

Car. This may ſtill be Jealouſie, and founded on the hate of ſome ſly Informer.

Ant. Would my Life could buy the leaſt ſhow for Doubt. No, ſee, ſee *Carlos*, her own Hand witneſſes againſt her ſelf; the onely thing wherein a Woman ought to be believ'd.

Carlos *reads the Letter.*

—Vitelli, *a Gentleman of* Cordova, *as he pretended, with promiſe of Marriage had poſſeſſion of my Bed; and, as I am inform'd, is fled towards* Caſtile. *My Retreat is to a Monaſtery, where, you ſhall know when my Injuries are reveng'd*—

Ant. Doſt thou not find her more impudent then practis'd Bauds? Had he ſtill ſtaid to feed her Luſtful flame, I had been ignorant.

Yes, you ſhall be reveng'd on your *Vitelli*; and with the ſame Dagger, though thou wert profeſſing at the Altar, I'd ſend thee to keep company with the Devils like thy ſelf.

Carlos, thou muſt not truſt thy very Thoughts with this Secret. Is there not ſomething in my Looks may tell the world my Siſter's Whore? Hah—

Car. This is Madneſs beyond Bedlam; be calm, and I'll further your Deſign.— But—

Ant. Each Minute's now an Age; but once reveng'd, thou ſhalt ſee me calm as ſleeping Children. I was not wont to be thus.

Car. Nor muſt you be, *Antonio*; this Paſſion is a certain Hinderance to your purpoſe. How can I aſſiſt you, when you will not give your ſelf time to tell your Story?

Ant. True, *Carlos*, and thou haſt nam'd the onely thing could teach me Patience to relate my Shame. Know then, that very night I had concluded the advantageous Match for this falſe Woman, with Don *Alonſo Fonſeca*, the great Heir, returning late home, brisk with wine, and over-joy'd at the Succeſs, I entred at the Garden-door, which I found open, and all the Houſe ſilent as Death. Fear of my greateſt Treaſure wing'd me to her Chamber: where, to my perpetual Torment, I found that Letter. Oh *Carlos!* canſt thou gueſs the Sighs of Merchants in a Storm, or utmoſt Pangs of Parents o're their dying Hopes? ſuch was my Treaſure, ſuch my Loſs and Grief.

Car. The Surprize muſt needs be great, and the unlucky Circumſtances adde much to the Affliction. But what Account could your Servants give?

Ant. All I could learn was, that ſhe (who you know always govern'd) commanded them to bed, and that her Maid ſhould wait my coming home; by which means, unknown to any, they eſcap'd.

Car. Know you the place of her Retirement ſhe ſpeaks of?

Ant. No, I left her Shame to be her Puniſhment, till I could wreak

my

my Vengeance on *Vitelli*, who I judge would chuſe *Madrid*, (for of *Cordova* he is not,) both for the Solemnity, and likelieſt place to lie conceal'd.

Car. Do you know him?

Ant. No, *Carlos*, but ſuch an Action muſt leave ſome mark upon the baſe Offender; and ſomething tells me, my heightned Rage will point me to the curſt Ruiner of my Honour.—— Methinks I muſt look him dead.

Car. Our Friendſhip needs not be confirm'd by Talking; *Antonio* knows how much *Carlos* would doe to ſerve him. Nor will I ſpend a Minute otherwiſe then in his Search. Unload thy ſelf, and let me bear half the weight. Thou haſt too much Love, and too much ſenſe of Honour.

Ant. *Carlos*, thou knew'ſt my Father well: methinks I ſee him juſt now breathing out his laſt, and with his cold trembling hand delivering up *Elvira* to my Care. Take her, ſaid he, *Antonio*, the Treaſure of my life, the Darling of thy loſt Mother: and as thou hopeſt to meet us both in Heaven, ſwear never to marry till thou haſt ſettled her. I ſwore; and when I would have added more, he onely anſwered with a Smile, and ſeem'd to die o'rejoy'd.

Bleſt man! how unſucceſsful was thy Care!
And 'twas to perjure me thou mad'ſt me ſwear.
We Intereſt and Honour urge in vain,
Where Luſt and Paſſion abſolute do reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

A Chamber in the Inn.

Elvira, Clara, *in mens Apparel:* Elvira *like a Knight of* Malta.

Elv. ARe we alone, *Clara?* each ſtep I take I feel a Dagger at my heart. Wretched Woman, how am I fall'n! Oh the bleſt time, when innocently we ſpent our days in pitying the reſt of our frail Sex! Am I not a Monſter branded for my Infamy? Slave that I was to perjur'd falſe *Vitelli!*

Clar. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, don't weary me with Complaints. I ſwear the long-ear'd Devil I rid has laid me up this month. I fanſied my ſelf flying, when I whipt and ſpurr'd. They may laugh at Scholars, Tailours and Seamen; but if a Chamber-maid in Breeches don't ride with the worſt of 'em, I'll ſell my Maidenhead for four Grapes, and they are cheap in this Country.

Elv. Thou art ſtill all Mirth: but ſooner ſhall the Sun reſt, then I live and not ſeek the falſe *Vitelli*. Baſe, cruel man, to leave his poor *Elvira* ſo!

ſo! Oh! I could curſe him, would my Heart give leave; but that belies my Tongue.

Clar. Well, Madam, you know *Clara* is no Flincher; but I'd ſooner undertake to know a Bee amongſt a Swarm, then find out a Man in this Crowd whoſe Name you're as uncertain of, as you are certain of his Diſhoneſty. This Will-of-the-wiſp of Love wants Wit as well as Eyes. [*Aſide.*

Elv. I've often heard him ſay, (and ſure all he ſaid could not be falſe,) that his Attendance upon the Council of State would be neceſſary towards the recovery of an Inheritance; ſo that I conclude him here: and were he amongſt millions, I have too much reaſon not to know him.

Clar. The truth is, you have been pretty intimately acquainted. [*Aſide.* Not to fright you, Madam, but prepare you for the worſt; (though the truth is, we Women ſeldom fail at a pinch) what if your Brother ſhould come to the Celebration of the Royal Marriage, and find us here? how would you avoid a certain Ruine?

Elv. It will be impoſſible for him to make me more wretched. But 'midſt this Concourſe, thus diſguis'd, it will not be eaſie for to meet, much leſs to know us. Let what will come, I am too miſerable to fear a Danger, and onely wander to find variety of Torments.

Clar. Nay, good Madam, no more Whining. 'Slid, did I knight you for this? or will a few driveling Tears find your Lover, and eſcape your Brother's Fury? Think how ill Sniveling becomes a pair of Breeches. Could I ever miſtruſt that You, that had the courage to leave your Houſe and Country to turn Knight-errant, nay more, plainly tell your Brother by your Letter, you had yielded up your Fort to a ſtrange Cavalier, ſhould come to talk of Danger and Wretched; things fit for Boys thoughts and Womens fears, not for Knights of *Malta?*

Elv. Thy Innocence maintains thy Mirth: but what can wrong'd *Elvira* doe, weigh'd down by a vaſt load of Shame, that ſinks my very Soul?

Clar. There's your little impertinent Nicety, to call that Shame, Women ſpend their lives to purchaſe. Why, there's not one in hundreds that you meet, that ſeem devout and melancholick, but are contriving to throw away that Toy you wot of: and 'tis the firſt Leſſon their Mothers teach them, to loſe it handſomely.

Elv. But that I know this deſign'd to divert my Cares, thou wert paſt hope of Pardon.

Clar. Heaven knows how dear I pay for all this Mirth. [*Aſide.* Pardon, Madam, (Sir, I ſhould have ſaid) I expect none, whilſt I am in the right.

'Faith, methinks this Croſs becomes you. Was't gain'd by ſome ſtrange Atchievement againſt the Muſſelmen? or is it for fear the Women ſhould run mad of ſuch Sweetneſs, that you put this Croſs over your Plague-door? Truth is, there may be danger of Swelling for thoſe come near it.

Elv.

Elv. I ſhall loſe all Patience, and with you miſerable as my ſelf, if you perſiſt in this Idleneſs.

Clar. That's pleaſant you'd perſwade me you're Woman too. Come, Sir, 'tis not that Croſs ſhall bear you harmleſs. I know a Vow may be broke to ſave a Maid's longing. Oh my heart! whither do I ramble? *[Aſide.*

Elv. All thy Counterfeit cannot raiſe me to a Smile. Alas! it is already broke. But that fond Fool dares truſt a man, though heighten'd with ſuch Vows as would make the moſt perjur'd tremble, is deſervedly loſt. Credulous, raſh, doating, ſottiſh Woman! didſt thou not know him Man? how couldſt thou think him then to be believ'd?

Clar. Baſe that he was, to affront a perſon of your Honour, one that wears a Sword, and knows what's what. Did he refuſe me, to meet me in the ſaid Field provided at all points, I'd poſt him Coward, and hire Slaves to kick him.

Elv. Ah *Clara!* hadſt thou but ſeen his pale and ghaſtly Looks, but heard his Sighs and Vows. Then would he kneel, and weep, and preſs my Hand; then riſe, and ſwear again with ſuch dreadfull Imprecations, nothing that was Woman could reſiſt. I'm ſure I did not; falſe to my ſelf and too-too-loving Brother. Would I had ne'r been Woman: nor would I yet be Man, for I ſhould be ſtill far worſe, and ſtill more falſe. Yet would I were any thing but what I am.

Clar. I'm like to have a bleſt time on't; and all this for the loſs of a Maidenhead. 'Faith it ſcares me ſo, if there be ever a Receipt in *Spain* to keep one, 't ſhall be the firſt thing I'll purchaſe: but I'm afraid 'tis very dear, and hard to come by.

Enter Dormilon.

Oh here's my Landlord: never man came in better time.

Dor. You're welcome, Gentlemen; I hope your Lodgings pleaſe you.

Elv. Very well, Landlord, we are quickly pleas'd, ſo they be private. But I fear you'll be crowded againſt this great Solemnity.

Dor. Nothing can diſturb you, the Houſe is large, and this the moſt retir'd part.

Elv. What other Strangers have you?

Dor. Yet onely one Gentleman and your ſelves.

Elv. Do you know from whence he came?

Dor. No, I aſſure you.

Clar. Prithee, Landlord, ſee our Dinner be made ready, and our Wine good and well cool'd: as hot as the weather is, I muſt have one Health to the Royal Pair.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, a Gentleman juſt now alighted calls for you.

Dor. I'm coming. Your Dinner ſhall be ready with all expedition.

[*Exeunt* Dormilon *and Boy.*

Ely. In the mean time we'll take a turn in the Yard, and ſee this Newcomer.

Clar. I'm glad you have ſo much Woman in your Paſſion, as to be able to diſſemble before Strangers.

Come, Sir, be briſk and gay, ſtrut like a young Knight new dubb'd. So, that becomes you, and is tempting.

Though the Men falſe and cruel you may find,
You yet may conquer all the Woman-kind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.

The Inn-Yard.

Vitelli, Dormilon.

Dor. Will you pleaſe to ſee your Chamber?

Vit. Not yet; I'll ſtay here a while for my Servants that are coming.

Dor. Are they much behind?

Vit. I gueſs, not; for coming early this morning from *Iyeſeas*, my man left my Portmantue behind him, and brought in ſtead of it a Stranger's that ſupt with me. But before we had got a league from thence, we found the Errour, and I ſent them both back to change it. I hope they may ſpeed, for the Gentleman was not ſtirring when we ſet out.

Dor. Is he coming this way, Sir?

Vit. No, he came from hence.

[*Within* Tonto.] Hoſtler, take in our Mules, and get 'em ſome freſh Straw.

Dor. 'Tis like theſe are thoſe you expect.

Enter Tonto *and* Criſpin *with a Portmantue.*

Criſp. Never tell me, he muſt ride upon ſome Devil bridled and ſaddled.

Ton. Would he would take him into his poſſeſſion then; he has brought us into a fine condition.

Criſp. 'St, there's my Maſter. Well, *Tonto*, that hanging Look of thine always foretold ill.

Vit. Have you brought back the right?

Ton. No, Sir, one much lighter in its ſtead.

Vit. Curſe on you both, Slaves! I am utterly ruin'd, without hopes loſt. Why did you not purſue him? Dogs!

Criſp.

Criſp. Whither, Sir?

Vit. To *Valentia*, Raſcals.

Ton. Why, Sir, he was no more going to *Valentia* then you back to the *Indies*; but, as a Shepherd told us, took the upper way hither. Some Robber, Sir, on a Gennet got by the Wind: had he ſtrid any thing elſe, we muſt have reach'd the Town before him.

Vit. Careleſs Slaves! your Lives ſhall be ſome little Recompence.

Enter Elvira, Clara.

Elv. Hold, Sir, this were a Puniſhment too great, and moſt unworthy of your Sword.

Criſp. 'Twas not our fault: your coming out ſo early occaſion'd the Miſtake.

Vit. Dog! but mutter towards an Excuſe, and I'll ſilence thee for ever.

Elv. Pray, Sir, give me leave to adviſe: 'tis not your Paſſion will recover what is loſt; rather think which way you may retrieve it.

Dor. If he be once hous'd in Town, 'twill be as difficult to find him, as an Honeſt woman in an Embaſſadour's Liberties. Your onely way will be, to ſend to watch his coming: 'tis likely he's yet upon the Road.

Vit. Thanks, Gentlemen——*Tonto* and you go ſeveral ways; and if you hope for Pardon, bring ſome tidings of him.

Criſp. Here, Landlord, take care of this. [*Exeunt* Ton. Criſp.

Dor. Your Loſs muſt certainly be great, that makes you thus concern'd.

Vit. There was in it to the value of twelve thouſand Ducats in Gold and Jewels.

Clar. A Loſs ſufficient to undoe a Banquer.

Dor. This is a courſe Welcome to *Madrid*.

Elv. We cannot blame your Paſſion, caus'd by ſuch a Misfortune.

Vit. The Wealth is much below my care, could I but recover ſome Papers, which I would redeem with twice the ſum.

Elv. They needs muſt be of great import, to merit ſuch a Ranſome, and of too near concern to admit a Stranger's inquiry.

Vit. No, Sir, that Croſs you wear declares your obligation of ſuccouring the Diſtreſt: and if you will ſo much relieve my Sorrow, as to hear my Story, I would beg your Company in my Chamber.

Elv. I willingly ſhall wait you, Sir, and beg you will not ſcruple to admit my Friend.

Vit. No, Sir; two ſuch Counſellours may in ſome meaſure eaſe my Grief, and prove neceſſary to one ſo much a Stranger in this Court and Kingdom.—— Landlord, ſhew a Room.

Enter Boy.

Boy. [*To* Dor.] *Don Luis* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Dor. Take this, and ſhew the beſt Chamber. [*Gives him the Portmantue.* I'll wait you immediately, Gentlemen.

Exeunt all but Dormilon. *To him enter* Don Luis.

Luis. How fares my honeſt Friend Senior *Dormilon?*

Dor. Ever ready to ſerve the noble *Don Luis.*

Luis. Have you any news yet of my Nephew *Peralta?*

Dor. None, Sir; for though I cannot pretend to know him by his Face; I ſhould ſoon gueſs him by his Diſcourſe, were he amongſt my ſtrangers.

Luis. He has orders to truſt himſelf to your care. I my ſelf ſhould carce be able to challenge him by his Looks, it being thirteen years ſince he left *Madrid* for *Flanders.*

Dor. His killing the Enſign was unlucky; eſpecially in this nick of time, whilſt it deprives him of ſo fair an Eſtate as his Brother has left him.

Luis. I'll venture mine to procure his Pardon, and make a Compoſition with the Widow; which I do not much doubt of, if he eſcapes thoſe that watch his coming into the Town.

Dor. Her knowing of his coming is ſtrange.

Luis. 'Tis certain, and that ſhe has ſo far prevail'd with the Corrigidor, that he has commanded all his Alguazills to apprehend him, if poſſible, at his arrival. Which is the reaſon I wrote him word to *Valentia*, where he has lain conceal'd, to come to your Houſe firſt; mine being continually beſet ever ſince he left *Flanders.*

Dor. As ſoon as he comes, you ſhall have notice; and here he ſhall be ſafe as in S. *Iſidor*'s Church.

Luis. Senior, I thank you. I am now going to meet the Widow at the Palace about the Reconcilement, judging much eaſier to buy her off before he is in Cuſtody.

Dor. Fortune attend you, Sir. Money is a prevailing Advocate.

Luis. When that once fails, we muſt ſubmit to Fate.

SCENE

SCENE 4.

Vitelli's *Chamber.*

Vitelli, Elvira, Clara; *Boy with the Portmantue.*

Vit. Boy, leave us. [*Exit Boy.*

Sir, I am deſcended of the ancient Family of the *Vitelli* from whence I took my name. My Father, of no mean Fortune, has long ſince contracted a ſtrict Friendſhip with one *Don Gomez Aranda*; and here in *Madrid* liv'd with greateſt expreſſions of mutual Love. At laſt forc'd to part, *Don Gomez* ſet up his Reſidence in this Court; and my Father paſt the Seas to *Mexico*, where he has ever ſince been: and I in that great City of the New World firſt ſaw Light.

Elv. Was you never, Sir, in *Spain* till now?

Vit. Never: And the Occaſion of my coming is to conſummate a Match (formerly agreed on by our Fathers, that this way they might ſeal and propagate their Friendſhip) between the onely Daughter of *Don Gomez* and my ſelf. The Painter makes me believe her fair and charming, and I arrived with all the Expectation of a longing Bridegroom; but after a long Voiage find my ſelf wreck'd on Shore.

Elv. Your Loſs can be no hindrance to this Affair.

Vit. Yes, much; my Letters are all gone I brought her Father from my own; and I have no reaſon he ſhould believe me on my bare Word, without farther Evidence to confirm him.

Clar. Does he expect you, Sir?

Vit. That he hath done theſe ſix months.

Elv. He cannot doubt the truth of your Relation; or at leaſt will ſo long ſuſpend, till you can ſend to *Cadiz*, where I ſuppoſe you landed, and give him farther Teſtimony of being what you ſay you are.

Vit. Your Counſel cannot be diſputed; I'll immediately go ſeek him out.

Clar. I ſhould think it well adviſed to open this Portmantue; 'tis poſſible it may diſcover who has put the Change upon you.

Vit. If any thing can be thought true a Villain ſays, he's called *Vitelli*. 'Twas our being of the ſame Name that began this unfortunate Acquaintance. But this I hope will evidence the contrary. 'Twould adde to my Affliction, to have a Raſcal juſtly claim the Name of my Family.

Elv. Would to Heaven I'd been a Stranger to that fatal Name, that like a Plague infects the air 'tis mention'd in.

Vitelli *breaks open the Portmantue, and* Clara *helping him empty it, among other things finds ſome Letters, and* Elvira's *Picture.*

Clar. Heavens! what's here? a Broker's Shop?

Vit. There can be nothing worth the ſearch amongſt ſuch Rags.

Clar. See, Sir, here are Papers, and a Lady's Picture.

Vit. A Moor to my Goddeſs; throw the Trifle by.

While he looks on the Papers, Clara *knows the Picture to be her Lady's, and ſhews it her.*

Clar. Do you know this, Madam?

Elv. Oh my Heart! the very ſame I gave the falſe *Vitelli.*

Clar. Never whine, but remember you are a Woman, and to diſſemble, or all is ruin'd. We muſt be nigh a Diſcovery. [*Aſide from* Vitelli.

Elv. The Trial is too great.

Vit. You ſeem concern'd; does that Picture cauſe it?

Clar. I was ſaying, Sir, there is ſomething in this Look that ſeems ſtrangely unfortunate.

Elv. And I, that the Eyes had ſuch a yielding Eaſineſs, as might be betray'd by falſe Vows: and that here methought the Painter had expreſt ſuch a languiſhing Caſt as ſpoke the height of Love.

Vit. 'Faith, Sir, I am not curious; but may pronounce the Lady miſerable enough has fallen into the hands of this Ruiner of my Fortunes.

Elv. Did the Beauty you adore much exceed this?

Vit. As this an *Indian*; her very Figure was enough to make all men love, and its Loſs to make all men die.

Elv. This is not ſo deſpicable a Face, that a Lover ought to be aſham'd of Conſtancy. Sure I am, as bad a one has oft been ſigh'd for.

Vit. By ſome fond Fools that never knew a Beauty; but this is all Cloud to my Brightneſs.

Clar. This will come to a Quarrel if not prevented. The diſparaging a Woman's Beauty turns the tameſt of the Sex to a Scold. [*Aſide.*

Pray, Sir, what Papers are thoſe? this ſeems much from your Deſign.

Vit. True, but entred on the diſcourſe of one I love, I loſe my ſelf and Buſineſs. They are Letters. This to the moſt excellent Duke of *Oſſuna*; this to the Regent of the Council of *Aragon*; this to the Marquis of *Velada*.

Clar. By theſe he ſhould be a man of Fortune and Repute, and not a Robber.

Elv.

Elv. The beſt way is to open one, 'tis probable you will find his Name and Quality.

Vitelli *reads.*

To the Marquis of Velada.

My Lord,

The Bearer of this is Don Manuel Peralta, *Captain-Lieutenant of my Regiment, who for killing an Enſign on the Guard (though highly provok'd) is compell'd to leave this Place, to prevent the Governour's Severity; and flies to your Lordſhip's Protection, by whoſe favour I doubt not he will obtain a Pardon, which I earneſtly deſire; as that of your Lordſhip for this Trouble given you by,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble Servant

and Kinſman,

the Earl of *Pontilliana.*

Elv. This has made all plain: the onely means is, to have preſent recourſe to the Marquis, declare your Loſs, and beg his Aſſiſtance in the Recovery.

Clar. 'Twould require Haſte, leſt he prevent you with ſome new Cheat.

Vit. I fly, and ſomething like Hope gives me a good Omen.

Elv. We ſhall wait your Return with impatience.

Sure I am, my Happineſs depends upon your Succeſs. [*Exit* Vitelli.

Clar. What do you think of *Vitelli* now, Madam? *Peralta* I ſhould ſay. You ſee he ſteals other things beſides Maidenheads.

Elv. But nothing of ſuch Value, or ſo much paſt recovery.

Clar. 'Faith, Madam, were that all, 'twere nothing. For my part, I think the Principal well ſunk, ſo one can ſecure the Uſe: troth is, to loſe that too, is ſomething no Woman can well bear.

Elv. Nothing but thy known Fidelity could ſecure thee from my Anger.

Clar. What? I warrant you'd be grave, and thinking again; Oh the fine Gentleman upon his Gennet! how gracefully he bow'd! the tempting Serenades, paſſionate Letters, Complements beyond reſiſtance; and when poſſeſt, all over Pleaſure! and then he kiſt, and vow'd,

vow'd, and left me full of Hopes, that equall'd all but preſent Joys.

Elv. But diſappointed, makes all Plagues and Death a Bleſſing. And 'tis from theſe Thoughts the wretched *Elvira* falls to be a Lump of black Deſpair.

Clar. By my faith, this is pleaſant: neither well full nor faſting. All the way we came; Oh *Clara*, were it poſſible, my did I but think it ſo, e're to ſee him, thou ſhouldſt find me chearfull as in my Innocence: Now 'tis more then probable we ſhall ſee him; The Trial is too great, and I'm a Lump of black Deſpair. Believe me, Madam, 'tis unnatural for a Woman to fear in extremity.

Though Men with Counſel and with grave Debate,
May better War, and judge Intrigues of State;
In Exigences We the Rule have got.
No Woman e're could want Excuſe or Plot. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

The Inn-Yard.

Fabio ſolus *with a Portmantue.*

Fab. THis Maſter of mine is as unaccountable as a breaking Merchant. To ſteal from *Valentia* through ways ſcarce known to a Foot-pad; alight at the Town's end juſt at noon, when the Heat makes the Streets emptieſt, to avoid being ſnapt by the Officers; and yet at the ſight of the firſt Vail, forget all Dangers, and think himſelf as ſecure as a Confeſſour in a Church.

Enter Elvira, Clara.

Clar. Now I am confirm'd, 'tis he. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, to your Chamber; 'tis downright Madneſs to make a double Venture. [*Exit* Elvira.

Fab. Certainly when the Devil wou'd ſhow his Maſter-piece, he puts on a Petticoat; and when he is not at leiſure, a Woman may ſave him the

the labour, and ſupply his place. [*Sees* Clara.] Here's a fit Vermin to be trapt, a ſmug Youth, that the Trail of a Wench may lead as far as a Fox a pack of Hounds.

Clara *ſings.*

[*To her.*] 'Tis a merry world with you, Senior.

Clar. Troth, Sir, he that can be ſad with good Cloaths on his back, Money in his purſe, and his Miſtreſs Smiles, may he be condemn'd to the Gallies till he laugh.

Fab. To curſe him home, may he meet with ſuch a Maſter as I have; and if he never laugh till he give him cauſe, I'm ſure he muſt die a Slave.

Clar. Is your's ſuch a Turk?

Fab. Oh! the Great Turk, Sir; and has by much a larger Seraglio: for all the uſe he makes of the whole World is to keep his Wenches in't.

Clar. Pray how do you call your *Hercules?*

Fab. Since you will have it ſo, *Hercules Vitelli.*

Clar. With what confidence the Rogue lies! [*Aſide.*
By his Name he ſhould be of a great Family.

Fab. I am not Herald enough to know the greatneſs of his Anceſtours, but to my knowledge his Iſſue is large; about as numerous as the *Jews*, and o' my conſcience as much diſperſt.

Clar. I have an Acquaintance here, a Knight of *Malta*, that would make a rare Companion for him.

Fab. A Knight of *Malta?* if he loves his Life, let him avoid him, for he has vow'd Deſtruction to all Pretenders to Chaſtity. You'll ſcarce believe it, but the ſight of a Nun through a Grate, though he thinks her chaſt upon force, puts him into an Agony.

Clar. You are much deceiv'd, Sir, a Knight's Vow is but what forbids the chaſt uſe of Marriage, and leaves him at liberty to all the world beſides.

Fab. Nay, if he has a new way of interpreting his Oath, it may be they may fadge.

Clar. Methinks——

Fab. No more, I beſeech you, Sir, I expect him each minute; and if I have not provided a Room before his coming, ſhall pay for this Prating.

Clar. I lodge in this Houſe, and when you are at leiſure ſhall be glad of more of your company.

Fab. Adieu, Senior.

Clar. Poor *Elvira*, a Town-bull would have prov'd as conſtant a Lover. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Clara.

Fabio *knocks, enter Boy.*

Fab. A Chamber, Boy.

Boy. Will you please to walk this way? I'll carry your Portmantue, Sir.

Fab. No, Sirrah, I had a wise Father, that taught me to trust my self: by the Weight there may be the *Indies* in't.

SCENE 2.

The High Street.

Peralta, Violante, Flora *veiled.*

Per. I Do confess, Madam, I have been Cock of the brisk Fools, that set up for Wits with railing against Love. But I now recant; and my Pain has been so exquisite, since I had the honour to see you, that it may equal years of Sighs and Verses.

Viol. I should not sooner know a practis'd Beggar by his Cant, than I do you for a formal repeating Woer; one that takes notes from Plays, practises with his Glass, and concludes the next Woman he meets will be fond of studied Nonsense.

Per. 'Tis barbarous to murther him with Wit, who has already yielded to your Beauty; the Power of which you know too great to suffer a Dissembler.

Viol. Sure you think me Daughter to the Knight of the Sun; or my Beauty could never warm through this Cloud.

Per. It does not extinguish the Fire, Madam, to hide the Flame that kindled it, that still burns and consumes.

Viol. That's in the road again: could we but perswade you Gallants to forswear Fire, Sun, Flame and Fate, you would court with as much Silence as the *Turk*'s Attendants wait.

Per. You shall bind me to any thing, so you will reward my Diligence, and understand by Signs.——

[*He courts her with affected Gestures and Signs.*

Let these then speak for me.——

Viol. A pretty Puppet-show, which when I am best at leisure, it may be I may throw away some few Rials to see again. Now I'm in haste.

[Violante *runs out.*

[Peralta *holds* Flora.

Per. Nay, 'faith, though your light Frigat hath gain'd the Port, I'll

I'll make bold to ſeize the Tender, till I know of what Country you are.

Flo. You'll find a ſmart Reſiſtance. [*She ſtruggles again.*

Per. Now you're mine; but ſome kind Anſwers to half a dozen Queſtions frees you. [*Struggles ſtill.*] Come, 'tis but what thou rt bound to by thy Place.— Your Miſtreſſe's Name, and where ſhe lives: Quickly, quickly; thou'lt be turn'd away for letting her loſe a Gallant.

Flo. Sure you think your ſelf in the Suburbs, or Embaſſadours Liberties, to take this freedom. I'd have you to know my Place is what's honeſt and honourable.

Per. And ſhall be ſo ſtill for me, dear little Fury! But canſt thou doe any thing more honourable then to promote an honeſt Love? Is it not pity a Gentleman ſhould be ruin'd for want of two Words? a Charity your Sex is ſeldom ſparing in.

Flo. I ſo perfectly hate you, I would loſe that pleaſure of Talking, did I not know, (if you are truly in Love, which Heaven grant!) what I have to ſay will rid the world of you. Learn and deſpair then. This Lady is juſt now to be married. Who ſhe is, you ſhall ne'r be told, that you may die for an unknown Miſtreſs, and make the better ſubject for a Ballad.

Per. Truth is, this Anger does become thee; but for variety, and to ſhew the reſt of your good Qualities, put on a relenting Look, and diſcover.— Thou art out of thy Calling to pretend to Secrecy.— By this thou ſhalt be kind.— [*Gives her gold.*] Though you deſign to make me Miſerable, I know you will not make me a Forſworn wretch.

Flo. You ſhew ſo noble a Conſtancy, that if I were to die, I can't forbear now. Oh, my Lady were a happy woman, could ſhe hope for ſuch a Lover. I vow, Sir, I did but try you; and I'll aſſure you, in my eye you are the propereſt, moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman.

Per. Now thou flattereſt; I can ne'r reward ſuch Kindneſs— Prithee on.

Flo. In ſhort, Sir, for I ſhall be miſt,

Her Name is *Donna Violante*, ſole Daughter to *Don Gomez Aranda*, who lives in this Houſe. What will make your Pretences fruitleſs is, her Quality, and that ſhe is already contracted to a Gentleman ſhe never ſaw, and whom ſhe every moment expects from *India*.

Per. 'Tis ill, but not deſperate, if you promiſe your Aſſiſtance.

Flo. As far as I can ſerve you without endangering her Honour, and my own Honeſty, which I'll aſſure you, Sir, I ſtand upon, you have made me yours. [*Exit* Flora.

Per. This is one of the true Breed: ſome few that prove otherwiſe are of another Species. You may as well call a Wolf a Lamb, as her Woman that waits, and can keep a Secret, or reſiſt a Bribe.— Well, the Devil does owe me a Spite, and has taken an opportunity of paying it. Certain it is, this Woman muſt be had; but how, I fear's a Queſtion will ne'r be anſwered. [*Exit.*

SCENE 3.

Peralta's *Chamber in the Inn.*

Fabio ſolus.

Fab. I Have a true Mule's life, Burthen and Provender. He was certainly bewitcht that firſt debas'd himſelf to Serve: but the downright Devil was in him that choſe a Wencher for his Maſter. The wandring *Jew* is a ſtaid Houſe-keeper to him: 'tis odds but the next Petticoat he meets carries him for *Turky*, and there he may take a freſh one for the *Indies*. I have often wondred at two things; one, what this Maſter of mine is made of: to my knowledge he has given away and loſt more Hearts then our Kings have ſent to people the New World; and yet o' my conſcience he has ſuch a ſtock left, that were they well marſhall'd, they might fight the *French* King this next Campaign. T'other is, what could poſſeſs me to be Shadow to this termagant *Turk*, whoſe onely Religion is to conquer Women. Why ſhould not *Don Fabio* ſound as well as *Don Peralta*? I'm ſure Hiſtorians impoſe upon us, or elſe the Family of the *Fabii* have been famous. And ſhall be agen, good *Don Fabio*.— *Don Fabio*. I have the advantage in the ſound of my *Roman* Fore-fathers. *Beſo 'oſté las manos.—muy criado de ſu merced.* Excellent! now will I walk in as much ſtate as a Grandee, and with the Wiſedom of a Privy-councellour: and when Affairs of State prove too heavy for me, my Boy and Muſician ſhall divert me with a Song. But in the mean time, till my Retinue is ſettled, I will vouchſafe to be Boy and Muſician to my ſelf.

SINGS.

Hang ſlaviſh Fear:
The names of Man and Maſter is a Cheat,
'Tis Dog-like to be rated here and there.
I will reſolve, and ſhall be Great.

I ſet my ſelf at Liberty:
W'are all by nature Free.
'Tis onely Law that makes us Slaves;
Law firſt obey'd by Fools, and made by Knaves.

He

He that will be a Don,
Follow me, be it one.
He that will not his Freedom reſtore,
Was got by a Jew, *and nurſt by a* Moor.

Humh! what a nick of time does this Maſter of mine chuſe! Now do I ſee the *Don* running from before my Name, and leave poor *Fabio* to ſhift for himſelf; and feel all my Privy-councellourſhip trill down to my very Heels. But Fate ſtill takes pleaſure to baffle vaſt Deſigns.

Thus when the Wheel of Fortune turns,
Oh *Spain*, thy great Eſcurial burns.

Enter Peralta.

Per. What Company's in the Houſe?

Fab. None of note that I hear of, but a Knight of *Malta*.

Per. Where's my Landlord, Senior *Dormilon*?

Fab. Abroad, otherwiſe I had acquainted him with your being here.

Per. 'Tis lucky that you miſt him, for I muſt yet be conceal'd; therefore on your life diſſemble my true Name.

Fab. So, the Devil and my Maſter have been juggling on ſome new Deſign. [*Aſide.*

Per. The great Hazard that I run is, leſt my Portmantue ſhould betray me. Where is that was left in its ſtead? That may diſcover who made the Exchange, and contribute to its recovery.

Fab. Here, Sir, may the Worth anſwer its Weight, and I can't be leſs then *Don* for the lucky Miſtake. [Fabio *opens the Portmantue.*

Per. Open and ſearch it. What's there?

Fab. Why, Gold and Jewells, Sir, without count. The Gentleman has paid dear for an old Suit and dern'd Linnen, and ſome few Bills that ſhould have been diſcharg'd. Here are Letters too——

Per. How's this? To *Don Gomez de Aranda*? the Father of my ador'd *Violante*; and this no doubt the *Indian* they expect.

Fab. A Lady's Picture, Sir.

Per. The ſame: By Heaven her Picture too! Hah! Why am not I then the true *Vitelli*? for that's the Name. I well remember began our Acquaintance; and that he told me the hopes of a fair Wife brought him to *Spain*. He that loves can't want Impudence, and theſe Evidences muſt ſtand the niceſt Search. 'Tis reſolv'd.—— Put all up again, and make it faſt.

Fab. I think you reſolve well; this Country's hot; and Company troubleſome. Beſides, you're uſed to *Flanders*. The Mules ſhall be ready, Sir; Gold's no Burthen.

Per. What's that you mutter, Raſcal?

Fab. A Journey, Sir, would be neceſſary, and healthfull; this Crowd

may breed the Plague. To be plain, let me beg of you to fly with this Treasure. In a short time you may purchase your Pardon in spight of this dissembling Widow, and never trouble your Friends to petition for't; and in the mean while, by the strength of this live as Great as the Governour.

Per. No, Villain, I have Business of greater consequence in hand; and when that's done, will return it to the Owner. Mean-spirited Rascal, to guess I would enrich my self by such base means!

Fab. Will you but wink till I run, Sir? I have ventur'd Hanging in your Service e're this for six stivers a day, with the Appurtenances of Poor-Jack and Bisket.

Per. No more, Slave; make it up, I say.

Fab. And the Picture too?——

Per. That I shall have occasion for.

Fab. Here's one Doblon, Sir, I am strangely smitten with. May not I have that for Contemplation?

Per. Not a Rial, Dog; take it up and follow me. And know from this time forward I am *Vitelli*, lately arrived from *Mexico*, and that you are now come with me from *Cadiz*. And upon these hints improve thy faculty of Lying. [*Exit.*

Fab. Yes, I am an *Indian*, and am forc'd to value Gold at as little rate as those Fools. A pox of Honour and Honesty, 'tis as impertinent to a man and troublesome as a Maidenhead at fifteen, and as necessary to be parted with at the first good occasion. [*Exit with the Portmantue.*

SCENE 4.

A Parlour in Gomez *house.*

Violante, Flora.

Flo. HOw could I doe less, when I had taken the retaining Fee? Besides, Madam, he spoke with such a prevailing Earnestness, that I, that never had an averlion to a proper Gentleman, could not help it.

Viol. A proper Gentleman! one of the forward pretending Fops, that have half a dozen fine things to say, and when they are done, prove as dull as an outworn Poet.

Flo. This Railing with us Women is as certain a sign of Love, as Huffing with the Men, of Cowardise.—— But it shall go hard or I'll find it. [*Aside.*]—— In earnest, Madam, the Gallant dresses well. Did you mind his Freedom and courtly Mean?

Viol. Dresses well? so does a Tailour's Prentice: and what you call Freedom

Freedom is onely Impudence pickt up by keeping Ill company; ſuch ſort of Wit as a man of ſenſe takes more care to avoid, then ſuch Triflers do to con it.

Flo. This confirms me.—— [*Aſide.*

You'll allow his Perſon manly and agreeable?

Viol. I confeſs I have ſeen ſome few in a Crowd leſs deſirable: but put him altogether, he's one of the laſt men I ſhould chuſe.

Flo. You may be perſwaded to ſee him again for all this Averſion.

Viol. Yes, if you can aſſure me I may doe him a Miſchief by it.—— I wiſh I had never ſeen him—— [*Aſide.*

Flo. Since you are ſo nice, I hope your *Mexican* will prove one made of Wax, without a Fault or Blemiſh.

Viol. You're always diſturbing me with things I hate. I tell you, I will have nothing to doe with Mankind either of the Old or New world. But of all things never name this Stranger more.

Flo. I hope I may rally a little on him, for that I deſign'd at firſt, onely I fear'd it might offend you. I'll try you this way.—— [*Aſide.*

By my troth, Madam, I wiſht you with me, for certainly never any thing was ſo worth laughing at. Beſides what he ſaid to you, he has not Language enough to ask what's a clock, or commend a Suit of Linnen. 'Tis as raw a Fool as ever came out of a Nurſery.

Viol. Thou art always in extreams; I could not perceive ſo much Simpleneſs: I ſhould have gueſs'd he had been a little at leaſt converſant with the World.

Flo. Right. —No, believe me, Madam, he ſneakt like a Boy before a Mother-in-law; and I am apt to think we are the firſt Women he ever adventur'd to ſpeak to; and he threw me this Purſe meerly for fear I ſhould have jear'd him. I was about teaching him to hold up his Head, and make a Leg; but then he ran for't.

Viol. This is impoſſible; all he ſaid to me was conſiſtent and courtly, his Addreſs gentile, and Shape becoming. But you are ſtill finding fault with what you have not wit to underſtand.

Flo. Am I ſo, Madam? and I am now your Averſion, for abuſing this Stranger. Could you imagine your Cunning laid ſo deep, that one of your own Sex could not ſee through it? All the harm I wiſh is, your *Indian* may prove half ſo taking. But I have done, and here comes one will plague you enough on that ſubject. [*Exit Flora.*

Enter old Gomez.

Gom. I warrant you Girls have been talking of a Husband, and I can't blame you. I made my Wife confeſs ſhe thought of nothing elſe.—— That Look won't doe, *Vil.*—— I know it longs, and ſo forth. Come, come, your Mother tells me you're a Woman, and ſo forth.—— That's enough, *Vil.*—

Viol.

Viol. We had Diſcourſe that was much more ſerious, Sir.

Gom. Nay, by my troth, *Vil.* thou art fit to be married now thou canſt diſſemble ſo well. —— But do'ſt thou know, Girl, he's coming?—— hah!—— does it not move, affect, and ſo forth?—— A word to the wiſe, *Vil.*——

Viol. Sir, I know nothing but my Duty.

Gom. That's right, take the *India's* then. Oh, if he be like his Father——*Vil.*—— I'll ſay no more. But for a ſparkling Eye and Wit, we were the ſame, and carried it; knew all the Poets and Players, and writ Prologues; nay, I had once the credit to be nam'd for a Lampoon. Time is, time was, *Vil.*

Here 'tis, *Vil.* ——[*Shews a Letter.*] Each minute I expect him, and ſhall take it ill not to ſee a young *Vitelli* in a twelvemonth.

Viol. I hope, Sir, it will be no breach of Duty to ask ſome time to conſider.

Gom. Conſider?—— why, thy Mother and I were ſmitten, bargain'd, and ſo forth, before you could pluck up a Veil.

Viol. I muſt not be accounted diſobedient; but yet——

Gom. Nay, that Toy of Modeſty becomes thee, *&c.* but I'm your Father, *Vil.* and though merry, know what's what, *Vil.*—— I give you leave to make up your mouth, *&c.*—— But when he comes, expect a Curteſie, and, I thank you, Sir.

One knocks. Enter Flora.

Flo. What a curſt thing is this not to have my Q—— [*Aſide.* Sir, here's a Gentleman would ſpeak with you.

Gom. Has he no name, and ſo forth?

Flo. I never ſaw him, Sir.

Gom. Retire, Daughter.—— If it be the man you wot of, go in and twitter, you ſhall be call'd.

Flo. Whatever this Stranger means, I wiſh he had all my Bribe to be fairly rid of him. [*Exeunt* Viol. Flo.

Enter Peralta, Fabio *with the Portmantue.*

Fab. Your right leg foremoſt, Sir.

Per. Sir, when I tell you I am *Don Pedro Vitelli*, and come from *India*, I hope I may beg a Welcome; this I know, my Father gave me ſome aſſurance of it.

Gom. *Don Pedro Vitelli* muſt challenge Welcome as long as I am *Don Gomez*, &c. And how does the good *Gonzalo*, my old Friend, your Father? Thou mak'ſt me weep for joy. Juſt ſuch was he, when we began our firſt Acquaintance.—— I ſhould have known thee in the Street, thou art ſo like, the very ſhape and face, *&c.*

Per. I was always thought like him, Sir.

Fab.

Fab. Yes, as a Bear's an Elephant. The Old man's as fond of the Cheat as my Maſter of the Wench. [*Aſide.*

Per. This Letter I was commanded to deliver from my Father, with Thanks for the great Honour you deſign'd his Son.

Gom. Honeſt man! ——— Yes, yes, this is the old Hand and Style to a very tittle. [*He reads.*

You are doubly welcome——— Let me embrace you: my Joys are ſo compleat, I ſcarcely can contain my ſelf. [*Embraces him.*

Fab. Not ſo hard; he's weak in the back ſince the laſt Cure.

Gom. He tells me he had once thought to come with theſe Gallions; but then I had been too happy.

Per. Yes, Sir, he did, but ſome unexpected Buſineſs has deferr'd his purpoſe till their next return. In the mean time, Sir, he has ſent me as a Pledge and Token of his ancient Friendſhip.

Gom. And truſt me, a welcome one. Nay, my Daughter ſhall tell you ſo too——*Flora.*——— By Saint *Iſidor* I was ſo overjoy'd to ſee you, I had forgot to give her notice of your Arrival.

Enter Flora.

Tell *Vil.* the happy Minute's coming, bid her put on her beſt Looks, and ſo forth.

Per. Sir, I beg you would let this be diſpoſed of in your Cloſet, about twelve thouſand Ducats in Gold and Jewels, what I could bring conveniently from *Cadiz*; the reſt will be ſent.

Gom. I'll be your faithfull Steward. *Flora*, ſhew the way where it may be laid, and haſten your Miſtreſs.

Flo. [*To* Fabio.] Come, Sir, if you dare follow.

Fab. I never refus'd a Challenge from a Woman. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Gom. Fie, fie, this Girl makes me out of patience.———

Enter Violante.

Oh here ſhe comes.——— Come hither, *Vil.* this is he; Look and like, *Vil.* 'tis thy Father's Choice, and a wiſe one, though I ſay it.—— I know you young people have ſome fine things to ſay to one another, *&c.* therefore I'll leave you, and talk a while with your Man about the Affairs of the New World and the like. [Fabio *returns.*

Per. He will be able to ſay ſomething, though you can expect no perfect account from one of his Breeding:——— at leiſure I ſhall ſatisfie you, Sir. [Gomez *and* Fabio *at a diſtance.*

Now, Madam, I hope you will allow me more Freedom then when

you cruelly ſhunn'd my Addreſſes; and one that leaves the world he was born in, meerly to ſerve you, may juſtly expect ſome kind of Welcome.

Viol. This Encounter is more ſtrange then the former: and I can ſcarce imagine, the man that took ſo long a Journey for a particular Miſtreſs, would make ſo zealous a Court to the firſt he meets. The Lady in the Veil has the promiſe of that Heart to my knowledge.

Per. And to mine too, Madam, or elſe this deceives me——— [*Shews the Picture.*

Could you imagine one that had ſpent a year in Contemplation ſhould not know you at the firſt glaunce?

Viol. And yet you brib'd my Maid to learn my Name.

Per. True, onely to take an opportunity of giving ſomething to one I knew I muſt be beholden to.

Viol. Your Trial of me was not too kind, Sir.

Per. I confeſs, Madam, there's ſomething extravagant in what's paſt: but I hope Curioſity and your Goodneſs will excuſe it—— Nor was it fit I own'd my ſelf, till I could produce ſuch Letters and Treaſure as might ſecure me from being thought an Impoſtour for the future.——

Fab. Yes, Sir, my old Maſter ſtudies night and day: he is juſt now writing a Book, and intends to dedicate it to you.

Gom. Then he has outſtript me; I could never arrive farther then a Madrigal, *&c.*——— And how is *Mexico* to *Madrid?*

Fab. Catch me at Deſcriptions, and I'll hang for't. [*Aſide.*

What's more wonderful then any thing in the Old or New World, he is a great Poet, and yet vaſtly rich.

Gom. What kind of Court does the Vice-roy keep? is the Palace magnificent?

Fab. 'Faith, Sir, I think I may venture to tell you, 'tis whiſper'd my old Maſter knows no end of his Wealth.

Gom. Are the Streets large and fair? what garb do the *Indians* keep? *&c.*

Fab. My young Maſter, Sir, may be worth— let me ſee— a million of Ducats; and when his Father dies———

Gom. This Fellow's mind is all on Money: a ſhallow Raſcal. —— But theſe Anſwers are to my purpoſe: for if he be Rich, *&c.* let the Woman run the reſt of the Hazard, and the New World be as 'twill. [*Aſide.*

Fab. I am ſure I have kept to windward of the Law, let my Maſter look to the upſhot.

Gom. This I like, this looks as Man and Wife; and may ye be as happy, *&c.* as *Gonzalo* and I can wiſh you. [*To* Peralta.

Per. Sir, there can be nothing leſs then Happineſs accompany the Poſſeſſour of ſo much Goodneſs. And if ſhe think me worthy of her, I muſt go into a Third World, to learn ſomething new to wiſh to make me more bleſſed.

Gom.

Gom. See you there, *Vil.* that's a Flight: many one of them, and ſuch like, have I had in my Youth. Old *Gonzalo* ſtill! ——Well, Son, your Father and I were Wags, *&c.* in our young days.

Per. Each thing you ſay reminds me ſo much of him, that were not I thus doubly bleſt, I ſhould think of *Mexico.*

Gom. Well, *Vil.* for a Man and Wealth thou art fitted; and ſhe that looks for more muſt die, *&c.* This World I'm ſure affords nothing—Come, Son, we'll go in, you're weary, and I long to diſcourſe you: for this Man of your's is none of the great Intelligencers. [*Exeunt.*

Fabio, Flora, *ſtay.*

Fab. 'Tis ten to one but we ſhall play the old Romantick trick, and while the Knight and Lady are at work, the Squire and Damſel imitate.

Flo. I ſhall like you well enough, if you have another Romantick trick too, of drowning or hanging your ſelf, if you ſee me diſpleas'd. For the truth is, you have a Face I would fain be rid of. [*Exit.*

Fab. Not ſo willingly as I would free my ſelf of this Houſe.——What a-Devil can come of a thing built upon a Quickſand? This they may call Love and Adventures: but he that can foreſee a good End of them need never deſpair at the Gallows. But ſo it is——

When for a Wench our Voiage is deſign'd,
We boldly ſail againſt both Tide and Wind. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Peralta, Fabio *in diſorder.*

Fab. ON my life, Sir, 'tis he; the very *Vitelli* whoſe Portmantue we have.——— I ſee him with *Don Gomez.*

Per. Curſt Fortune! in the very minute? two Hours had poſſeſt me of her.

Fab. What do you think of a fair and honourable Retreat?— This is the way out.———

Per. Dog! I'll think of nothing but Victory; and will be, and am *Vitelli*, Son to *Gonzalo*. Think me any thing elſe, and I'll cut thy throat.

Fab. You may be what you pleaſe: but I hope you'll allow me ſtill to be *Fabio*, and to think my ſelf in great Danger. I know it nothing concerns you.

Per. Coward! no Flinching; but follow my Example, and lie like thy ſelf, we will ſtill carry it. In the mean while let's retire, and contrive to meet the worſt.

Fab. There needs no great Contrivance, it will meet us.— For my part, I'll lurk hereabouts for Intelligence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gomez, Vitelli.

Gom. But, prithee Friend, have I ſo ſilly a Face, and ſo forth, that you could pick no body elſe out ſo fit to put a Cheat on? Good faith you're deceiv'd in old *Gomez*, he underſtands Trap, *&c.*

Vit. I cannot yet underſtand why you miſtruſt me; I'm ſure I expected much another Welcome from one I lookt upon as Father.

Gom. I'll ſay that for thee, thou'rt a pleaſant Fellow, and haſt as lucky a Countenance to conceal a Cheat as one would wiſh to purchaſe. But this is a little too groſs— and how came we to be ſo nigh of kin?

Vit. The Reſpect I bear you keeps me from taking any thing ill; nor can you by the worſt of words force me into a Paſſion with the Father of *Violante*, whom *Gonzalo* made me believe I ſhould at my arrival from the *Indies* call Wife.

Gom. And ſo you ſhall, if you can lay any juſt Claim. But you may with the ſame Confidence pretend to the Kingdom of *Spain*, &c. and

and with much the ſame Succeſs, believe me—— *Violante?*—— ha, ha, ha.———

Vit. That you are *Don Gomez* you your ſelf aſſure me, nor am I leſs *Don Vitelli.* That *Violante* is your Daughter you own, and *Gonzalo* your Friend, for whoſe Son you have deſign'd her. Why then does all I ſay ſeem Riddle? Is it the cuſtom of *Spain* to mock thoſe they ſtyle Friends? if ſo, the *Indians* are much leſs barbarous.

Gom. The Devil take me, and ſo forth, if this Fellow have not a pretty wheadling confident way with him. I'll confound him a little.—— [*Aſide.*

Well, Sir, ſince you will be *Vitelli*, I know you have often heard your Father ſpeak of me, and how we ſpent our time when young.

Vit. No day, Sir, but your Friendſhip is his ſubject; and this he bids me imitate. Tells how you vied in Arms and Arts; often wiſhes (though bleſt with Wealth) he had never left *Spain*, but ſtill enjoy'd your Company.

Gom. Very fine.—— I'm much beholden to him, &c. Did he never enter into particulars of our Affairs?

Vit. Yes, I've heard him ſay, when Fellow-ſtudents, you had one Purſe; that the ſame Books, the ſame Company pleas'd you: and that your Fancies kept ſo even pace, that you often joyn'd upon the ſame Subject without the difference of the Style perceiv'd.

Gom. I wiſh this Fellow's Shoes were off, that I might ſee whether he has cloven Feet or no. How could he poſſibly know this elſe? Of what Age, what Stature and Complexion is he?

Vit. In all agreeable to you, and what he ſays ſo like your way of Speech, that ſure I muſt call you Father. One think remarkable and private too is a Scar on his right Side, by a Wound receiv'd in a Duel wherein he was your Second: and you, Sir, as he told me, was then run through the Thigh, being on the ſame day you ſhould have married.

Gom. This Truth ſtartles me. [*Aſide.*

Do you know to whom?

Vit. Yes, Sir, *Donna Beatriz Cruzado*, whom you firſt ſaw at Saint *Iſidor*'s Church, and that a month after your Marriage was conſummate.

Gom. 'Tis a clear caſe, I am not *Gomez*, nor this my Houſe, nor I within *Vitelli*; no, no, all's a downright Miſtake.——— Friend, doſt thou know whether there be two *Gonzalo's*, and two *Vitelli's*, that love and know by Sympathy? or art not thou ſomething of a Spirit, and ſo forth? ha?

Vit. The Gentleman's diſtracted. [*Aſide:*

Sir, this I know, that I am the man I pretend to be, and grieve to find you thus.

Gom. Where you pick up theſe Truths, is beyond my power to gueſs; but I can demonſtrate you falſe and counterfeit. For if true, where's

the Jewels, and ſo forth, you wrote you would bring with you? ſhew my Daughter's Picture I ſent, your Father's Letters, and all that.

Vit. That's my Misfortune; this very morning I was robb'd of all: but if you will have patience to wait——

Gom. This I knew would tickle you. Let old *Gomez* alone to find out a Cheat, and ſo forth. Stole from you? yes by the right Owner, who brought them to me.

Vit. To convince you, I know to a Rial what's in the Portmantue, each particular Jewel and Paper.

Gom. This is ſome Confidence of another World, and almoſt diſtracts me.——Within, call *Don Vitelli.*

Vit. Uſe not my Name to ſuch a Villain; for ſo I dare pronounce and juſtifie him.

Enter Peralta, Fabio.

Fab. Ne'r fear, I have over-heard all, and can help you in a ſtreſs.—— [*To* Peralta *entring.*

Don Fernando, Sir. [*Aloud.*

Per. This is argument of great Kindneſs, to make ſuch haſte from *Cadiz* to be at the Wedding of your Friend. Welcome, dear *Fernando*; for ſo I dare bid you to the Houſe of him has given me leave to call him Father.

Gom. New Riddles ſtill!

Vit. Steel'd Impudence!—— how canſt thou with confidence pronounce ſo damn'd a Forgery?

Fab. We got well hither with our Treaſure, to which I believe your good Wiſhes contributed.

Vit. Slave, the Place ſecures thee.——

Gom. You're acquainted then, and ſo forth.——

Per. The onely Friend I had in *Mexico*; we were Neighbours, School-fellows, and in the ſame Ship arriv'd at *Spain*: nor can any one give you a more perfect account of my Father or his Affairs; for I know nothing I have conceal'd from him.

Gom. He has hardly uſed you like a Friend, without Cheat, Villain, &c. are ſigns of Love amongſt you.—— Nay, with Confidence he endeavour'd to face me out he was the true *Vitelli.*

Vit. And with the ſame honeſt Aſſurance ſtand here to make it good.

Per. This is like thee, always driving on ſome piece of Extravagance.—— But truſt me, *Fernando*, this is ſo unſeaſonable, as to break our Friendſhip, if perſiſted in.

Vit. I ſcorn thee, am, and always was a Stranger to thy Friendſhip; and here pronounce thee Cheat, Thief, Murtherer. Beware, Old man, you warm a Snake will leave a fatal Sting.

Per.

Per. Could I believe you were in earneſt, I ſhould be angry, Sir; but for this once forgive.

Vit. I demand nothing but Juſtice, and by Heaven will have it.

Gom. What can he deſign by all this?

Fab. Why, Sir, you have had experience enough to know the World's wicked, and Love powerful.

Gom. Yes it is, always was, and always will be, *&c.*

Fab. I have had long a Jealouſie that he was not right. For when my Maſter produc'd his Jewels, and ſhew'd his Treaſure, he would ſo eye and ſigh; and at the Picture caſt ſuch wanton amorous Glances, that I fear that's the true ground of his haſte from *Cadiz*, thinking to prevent us. Then I minded he catcht at each Story that might ſeem very particular; as one my Maſter was the other day telling of a Duel, and a Wound you received in the Thigh. Nay, he was ſo inquiſitive, that he would count the Money and Jewells.

Gom. I have no Doubt left; there 'tis I warrant. This Devil of Love invents more Tricks then a *Jew* ready to ſtarve.

Fab. Then, Sir, he has a plaguy wheadling Tongue, and ſuch a ſet Look, that he was made to deceive.

Gom. So he has, and by my troth had deceiv'd me, if he had come firſt. But bleſs my Stars, *&c.* that ſhall ſuddenly be prevented.

Per. If nothing will do, from henceforth you are my Enemy, and as ſuch I ſhall next meet you.

Vit. Dare but quit this Houſe, and no other Sanctuary ſhall protect thee.

Gom. Deſperate Villain, be gone, *&c.* or elſe an Alguazil ſhall provide you a Lodging.

Vit. Was ever Age thus blinded? Stay but my returns from *Cadiz* before you conclude.

Gom. No, this very night ſhall conſummate the Match with the Noble *Vitelli*.

Vit. No, *Don Gomez*, you throw her away upon a baſe Deluder; who is indeed a Souldier of *Flanders*, fled hither to gain a Pardon for Murther.

Gom. This ſounds like Forgery. You have no choice, but quit the Houſe, or to Priſon.

Per. See how wild his Story is, and how quick Paſſion makes his Invention. Be gone, or this ſhall force it.

Vit. I'll go, becauſe my being confin'd will render me abſolutely uncapable of Remedy.—— But I ſhall expect you have ſo much Honour left as to meet me in the *Prado*.

Per. I will, and with my Sword chaſtiſe this Inſolence. An hour hence let it be.

Vit. Agreed. But I ſhall ſcarce fight ſuch a Rogue, till I have ſecur'd my Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Gom. Well, Son, this Adventure is ſo extraordinary, that were your

your Father and I as when time was, the Players ſhould not have wanted a Comedy, nor an Audience, *&c.* though I ſay it.——— What, melancholick?———

Per. You muſt give me leave to reflect a little on the Loſs of one I thought my Friend, nay doted on, and would have yielded all things up to ſatisfie his very Curioſity, but *Violante.*———

Gom. Come, an ill thing's better loſt then found: the World grows worſe and worſe, *&c.*

You have reaſon to be ſatisfied, you have ſo timely found his Falſhood.

Fab. Let me beg you would urge that; for no man loves with ſuch Truth, nor no man grieves with ſuch Sincerity.

Gom. For ſhame, Son, I ſhall think you repent your Voiage. Let's in, and my Daughter will make amends with true Affection.

Per. The name of ſuch a Remedy makes me forget my Diſeaſe; and ſhe is now my onely Friend, as well as Miſtreſs.

[*Exeunt. Manet* Fabio.

Fab. Bating ſome odd hundreds, and ſo forth.

Enter Flora *going over as in haſte.*

[*To her.*] You can never be in ſuch haſte as to refuſe the profers of a ſincere Lover.

Flo. The very name of Love from one I hate adds wings to me.

[*She ſtrives to go.*

Fab. Not ſo fierce, good Damſell; though I have no Portmantue of Jewells, I have ſome Treaſure about me I brought from the *Indies*, you'll like much better.

Flo. I warrant ſome petty Shells and Baubles, things I ſcorn as much as I do you. My Miſtreſs were miſerably provided, were the Maſter and Valet alike.

Fab. Come, fine Sentences are not for people of our quality. To have and to hold's the word; and the licking of the Poſſet-baſon when they have done will ſave charges, and yet look Princely.

Flo. No, Valet, next to you I hate nothing more then what has been pall'd.

Fab. Except a Petticoat, and that of ſixteen removes; yet muſt be thought to look new, like the Chambermaid after being paum'd by the whole Family.

Flo. Still freſher then a Suit that after three generations in the *Indies* muſt be new turn'd for the Wedding.

Fab. Come, 'faith never deny't, if thou haſt pawn'd thy Utenſils for Lees of wine and Chippings, or art contracted for Gizzards, and the fifth quarter of a Hen call'd the Guts, I deſiſt: otherwiſe, which is the top of your Hopes, I offer you Fleſh unblown, *Fabio* the ſound and truſty.

Flo. To convince you of my Averſion, I had rather live a wrinkled Maid

Maid of ſixty, and then be burnt for a Witch, then have any thing to doe with thee.

Fab. This looks ſo like the Courtſhip of our Form, that it is no leſs then an evident token of Love——which thus I ſeal.——

[*Offers to kiſs her.*

Flo. And thus I deliver.——

[*Gives him a box on the ear, and runs out.*

SCENE 2.

The Inn.

Elvira, Clara, Vitelli.

Elv. to *Clara.*] I Am now reſolv'd; therefore without diſputing about what I commanded you.— [*Exit* Clara.

Vit. I have told you all in ſhort; and he that is more miſerable muſt meet ſomething yet unknown. To be outfac'd, rejected for a Villain, tied up by Nicety and Reſpect from Revenge, without a proſpect of retrieving my Right, is what the moſt patient muſt want temper to bear.

Elv. Wherein I can ſerve you, you may with aſſurance command, and I am apt at preſent not to think my ſelf altogether incapable.

Vit. I dare promiſe my ſelf any thing from ſo noble a Succour.—— Bleſs me therefore with ſomething like Hope.

Elv. The means how, I beg you will not inquire into; but I have ſome reaſon to be confident of a Deſign will defer the Marriage till you can hear from *Cadiz*: whither I adviſe you would immediately ſend poſt.

Vit. This would ſecure my Happineſs, and a little time gain'd certainly diſcover the Cheat.

Elv. To prevent all Danger, if he comes out according to appointment to fight you, prepare Alguazills to ſeize him for the Robbery. It cannot be diſhonourable thus to treat ſo baſe a man, and vindicate your ſelf. Before he can procure his Liberty, your Poſt will be return'd, and all be clear'd. This requires diſpatch, therefore haſte; within half an hour I'll meet you.

Vit. I have juſt reaſon to ſuſpect him too falſe to keep his word; my greateſt confidence is your Conduct. [*Exit.*

Elv. What this will come to, is as impoſſible to gueſs, as that it could ever come to this. But I'll in, and haſten *Clara.*——

Once on the Ground, I can no lower fall:
And venture nothing, though I venture all. [*Exit.*

SCENE 3.

The High Street.

Carlos, Antonio.

Car. SInce you have reaſon to deſpair of finding one in a Crowd, whoſe perſon you have no knowledge of, make this Tumult a Diverſion; at leaſt defer theſe melancholick Thoughts. Thou art now ſomething more extravagant then Love could make thee. Nay, would I curſe a man, I'd wiſh him as nice a ſenſe of Honour as *Antonio*.

Ant. I know my ſelf to blame: but all I ſee of this great Preparation has ſo much unaccountable, taudry Gallantry in it, is ſo far from what I think, that to me Sickneſs would prove greater Pleaſure then that the reſt of men ſeem fond of. *Carlos*, I am not what I was; all my Ambition, Dotage of youth and Beauty, make but one intire thought of Hatred and Revenge: and could I ſatisfie this Paſſion, I ſhould die with more delight then aſſured Martyrs ſuffer.

Car. In earneſt, *Antonio*——

Enter Clara *half veiled, in Womens cloaths, who ſeeing them pulls it over her Face.*

Ant. Ha! that Face I have ſeen.——

Cla. Now cannot I move a ſtep; my maſculine Spirit with my Habit leaves me. I have nothing but my Woman's Cunning to truſt to. [*Aſide.*

Ant. 'Tis ſhe, *Carlos*; the very *Clara*, Pimp and Confident to *Elvira*.—— Baud!—— [Antonio *goes to* Clara.

Clar. You cannot think your ſelf in *Spain*, or that you talk to one of Quality, to treat me thus. Nor could any thing but your Miſtake of the perſon perſwade me to forgive this Inſolence.

Ant. Impudent Strumpet! would I had ne'r had cauſe to know thee. Unveil, or I'll tear it and thee to pieces.

Clar. Stranger, you'll repent this horrid Rudeneſs. Know, people of my Rank cannot want Revengers of their Honour.

Car. What do you mean, *Antonio?* 'tis dangerous to force a Veil in Court: you may miſtake.

Ant.

Ant. I tell thee she's my Sister's foul Associate, and Seller of her Honour.—— Discover, or by my Father's soul——

[Antonio *lays hold of his Dagger.*

Clar. Hold, Sir; 'tis I.——

Ant. Base Devil! thou shouldst not live, were it not to tell me where *Elvira* is.

Car. Be moderate, *Antonio*, your Threats will fright her from the Truth.

Clar. That, Sir, Heaven be my witness, I am as ignorant of as those that ne'r saw light.

Ant. Confess, or each minute shall invent new Punishment to rack it from thee. Thus with little Tortures I'll begin—— and let out some of thy loose Bloud.

Car. This is a Transport unworthy of thee.

Ant. Should I trust a Rock I have already split on? Confess, or by——

Clar. Be not so cruel, and I'll tell you all.

Car. Give her time to think, *Antonio*; this Encounter may prove most lucky.

Clar. But this time, dear Invention! and let me die a Fool.——

[*Aside.*

Ant. About it then, and I will be patient.

Clar. That fatal night we left your House, I waited on her to the Convent of *Molbietro*, where your Aunt is Abbess; who entertain'd her with no small Grief, when inform'd of the Accident that drove her to that Sanctuary; whence she dispatcht me to this place in search of her false *Vitelli.*

Ant. Of Hell, then which this Lie is falser.

Car. To me this Story seems probable.

Clar. So Heaven and you afford me Mercy as 'tis true.

Ant. When came you hither?

Clar. Not three hours since I alighted in this Inn, where I found——

Ant. Whom?

Clar. Vitelli.

Ant. Vitelli here? Oh let me fly to my Revenge! On, good *Clara.* I can almost forgive thee.

Clar. As I came out, he left his Chamber in search of a Servant he is sending out of Town, and cannot be far off.

Ant. If this prove true——

Clar. Why should you suspect me false, when 'tis my Lady's interest you should find him? But to leave no Scruple, I'll conduct you to his Chamber, and produce unquestionable Testimonies. This you must remember, it is no longer *Vitelli* you pursue.

Ant. More tricks yet? who then?

Clar. What I ſhall diſcover will convince you. 'Tis *Peralta*, a Captain fled from *Flanders* for a Murther, and took *Valentia* in his way. All this I learnt from Papers of his left in his Chamber, which I thought I was bound to ſearch, when I knew they belong'd to him; that I might give a good account to her that ſent me.

Car. This news is beyond our expectation or hope.

Ant. 'Tis what I'll improve to his certain Ruine.

Car. Firſt by fair means (which you have often promiſed me, if he was a Gentleman) you muſt retrieve her Credit, by offering him to marry her. [*They whiſper.*

Clar. Indian, you muſt pardon me, ſince to ſecure my Miſtreſs, her Lover and my ſelf, I expoſe you to the firſt ſhock of *Antonio*'s Rage: and good faith, Charity begins at home.

Ant. Come along, and direct us to this Chamber of Diſcovery.

Clar. This way, Sir. ——— Can I but get clear of you, and give my Lady timely notice, ——— diſcover what you can. [*Aſide.*

Car. I muſt preſerve *Peralta*, if poſſible, for the fair *Elvira*'s Safety:

For that depends on his, and if He dies,
She too muſt fall nice Honour's Sacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Inn-Yard.

Vitelli, Criſpin *booted.*

Criſp. THe Horſes are ready, Sir.

Vit. Take this then, [*Gives him a Letter,*] and ſhew your Kindneſs to your Maſter by your quick Return.——— One thing more.

While Vitelli *whiſpers to* Criſpin, *Enter* Antonio, Carlos, Clara. [*Exit* Criſpin.

Ant. This looks like truth.

Clar. For more certainty ſee where he ſtands. [*Points to* Vitelli.

Ant. Is that my Enemy?

Clar. That's *Vitelli*, or *Peralta*, which you pleaſe, or both.— I hope this Shift may free me, and I'll ſtill about the diſpatch of my Meſſage. [*Aſide.*

[Antonio *goes to* Vitelli.

Ant. Your Name's *Peralta*, Sir?

Vit. I neither own the Name nor Temper of that curſt Villain. What I really am I dare ſpeak, which is, *Don Vitelli.*

Ant. Thou'rt a Villain under both Names, and as ſuch I'll uſe you.

Vit. I can ſcarce think my ſelf born of a *Spaniard*, to meet ſuch Rudeneſs as my nature perfectly abhors.

Ant. Damn your Sentences—— and know your Forgeries and you are diſcover'd.

Vit. To none that dare name my Actions ſo; and know me.

Ant. Yes, Villain, *Elvira*'s Wrongs and mine ſhall proclaim them. And if thou haſt ſo much Valour to defend thy ſelf againſt the Brother, as Cunning to betray a wretched Woman, draw, and know 'tis *Antonio* heightned with a juſt Revenge that bids thee.

Vit. This world is all Madneſs and Miſtake.—— Could I but think you were not deceiv'd in the Perſon, and had not too good reaſon to know the true *Peralta* deſerves all this, I ſhould not thus tamely diſpute the Wrong.

Ant. What, Coward too? and think to conquer me as my loſt Si-

ſter by Words?— Draw, or by Heaven I'll doe the act of Juſtice, and rid the world of a perjur'd Slave.—

Vit. Provok'd thus, I muſt be more, or much leſs then Man to ſuffer. [*They draw.*

[Carlos *with his Sword interpoſes to part them.*

Clar. What will this come to? ——— Thoſe Officers at the gate ſhall determine the Quarrel. [Clara *runs out.*

Ant. Friendſhip's a Name, *Carlos*, when it ſtands in competition with Honour and Revenge.— What, muſt *Antonio* live and ſee (good Heavens!) the Raviſher of his Siſter ſafe?— By all———

Car. What I urge is your Promiſe, and her Honour. And if he will make up this Breach by Marriage, you create a new Enemy to refuſe ſo juſt Terms.

Vit. Little Hecks! do you think with a ſeeming Quarrel to force me to the keeping of a Whore, and take off your ſtale Goods? No, ſhew your ſelves for Cheats, and both aſſault me; whilſt the innocent *Vitelli* dares thus undauntedly oppoſe you.

Enter Clara *with Officers. She points to* Vitelli.

Clar. That's he,——ſeize him. And at your own peril be his eſcape.— I have too much kindneſs for *Vitelli*, to let him periſh for *Peralta*: a little Confinement will break no ſquares. [*The Officers ſeize* Vitelli.

1. *Offic.* Seiz'd by us the Devil can't eſcape.

Vit. More Complices? Thieves! Murtherers! looſe me, or———

2. *Offic.* No, Sir, Murtherer falls upon your own head, and 'tis the Enſign's bloud you ſhed in *Flanders* that calls for Vengeance.

Ant. Let him at liberty, and I'll revenge it bravely, and ſave the dull Ceremonies of Law.

1. *Offic.* You owe us Thanks that you are not confin'd; this Quarrel deſerves it.

2. *Offic.* If you conſult your own Safeties, away.

Car. Come, *Antonio*, you muſt know the Town too well, not to underſtand a Retreat neceſſary in this caſe. [Antonio, Carlos *retire.*

Vit. What can you mean, Gentlemen? I ne'r ſaw *Flanders* nor *Spain* till this laſt *Fleta* from the *Indies*.

1. *Offic.* This won't do, Sir, we are told of Writings in your Chamber will convince you, whither we intend to carry you, and thence to Priſon.

Vit. Curſt *Peralta!* now thou haſt ſecur'd thy Deſigns. Gentlemen, I hope I may beg leave to ſpeak with a Knight of *Malta* in the houſe before my Confinement.

1. *Offic.* No, Sir, we muſt and will prevent a Reſcue: onely take your Papers with us, and then ſecure you.

Dormilon

Dormilon *enters.*

Dor. What means this Diſturbance in my Houſe?

2. *Offic.* Onely the Seizure of one *Peralta* for a Murther.

Dor. Peralta? this will be ſad news to *Don Luis.*—— [*Aſide.*
I'll be his Bail.

1. *Offic.* The Crime admits of none; along, Sir.

[*Exeunt Officers with* Vitelli.

Dor. The Widow has been too cunning for us; and that *Don Luis* muſt ſpeedily underſtand. [*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Long Street.

Antonio, Carlos.

Ant. CLara eſcap'd, and *Peralta* ſecur'd from my Sword? ſomething muſt and ſhall be done. Nor is it fit the Law puniſh a ſingle Murther, whilſt mine and my Siſter's Honours remain unrevenged. I'll arm him my ſelf, and in his own Chamber fairly kill him.

Car. Yes, and ſuffer in his ſtead, while milder means may compaſs your Deſigns. And if *Antonio* dare truſt me——

Ant. Truſt thee, *Carlos?* yes, with Life, with Honour, All, freely do. I find I am not fit to guide my ſelf. Henceforth thy ſettled Judgement gives me Laws; but ſtill remember my Siſter's Wrongs, and where *Peralta* is.— Oh that Name!

Car. Pray, no more, your haſty Rage has already prov'd *Clara's* loſs, whoſe recovery will be neceſſary to our Affairs. She cannot yet be far; therefore let us round this Street: half an hour hence I'll viſit the Priſoner, and doubt not to get more by Fair words and Promiſes, then your Sword could extort.

Ant. Should he accept your Offer, the cauſe of his Impriſonment brings his certain Ruine with my Infamy.

Car. There's no danger on that ſide: a ſum of Money prevents the Proſecution, and gains his Liberty. For 'tis as great a Miracle for a Rich man to be hang'd, as a Poor man to ſcape. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE 3.

Chamber in the Inn.

Elvira *in Womens cloaths*, Clara *very rich.*

Elv. I Am much too miſerable e're to hope to make thee amends.

Clar. You make your ſelf ſo with fine Speeches. Let me learn you what Dangers Reſolution and Cunning may avoid. Think now of nothing but a fit Story to wheadle old *Gomez*, who will inſtantly be here.

Elv. Had I but thy Courage, I could not fail; but as I am, ſomething thrills through my Bloud, and makes me tremble. How can I think to impoſe upon him with a falſe Story, who ſo ſteadily repuls'd *Vitelli*'s true one?

Clar. And ſo eaſily believ'd *Peralta*'s, that was as falſe as yours. I tell you, Madam, he has a believing Countenance; and looks like one of our politick News-mongers, who are ſure to entertain a Story for being ſtrange, and of themſelves find out Reaſons to make it probable, then conclude it true.

Elv. How did he receive my Meſſage?

Clar. Like a Gentleman; and when he read a Lady's Honour was concern'd, told me, he would defer the greateſt Buſineſs of his Life, which was the Marriage of his Daughter, till he had waited on you.

Elv. This was courtly.

Clar. There's no doubt of him; had I that Face and Cloaths, I'd undertake to cully half the Dons in *Madrid* with a Lie ten times more unlikely.— There 'tis: That Caſt, and a little Aſſurance, is infallible.

Elv. This Mirth would conquer any body's Miſery but mine.

Clar. One thing I foreſee, that the Seizing of *Vitelli* muſt ſomething alter your Deſign.—St. [*One knocks.*

This muſt be the *Don.* [Clara *goes to the door.*

Enter Don Gomez.

Gom. Is this your Lady?

Clar. Yes, Sir.— *Don Gomez*, Madam.

Elv. Your Looks, and the Character the world gives you, ſpeak you ſo much a Gentleman, that I ſhall need the leſs Excuſe for this Rudeneſs.

Gom. Ha! what a Prize was this for one of twenty, and ſo forth?—[*Aſide.*

Madam,

Madam, the world at the worſt muſt ſay, *Don Gomez* always lov'd his Friend, and took pleaſure in ſerving Strangers. And he that deſerves this Character muſt be proud of the Commands of ſo fair a Lady. —— By my faith ſhe is, ſhe makes my old teeth chatter, and ſo forth.—— [*Aſide.*

Elv. Sir, what I have to ſay is ſtrange and ſtartling, yet ſo fit for me to ſpeak, and you to hear, that this Trouble is but neceſſary.

Gom. The very ſtile I love too—— Pray, on, Madam.

Clar. The Old man liſtens as earneſtly as a Bird in a Cage to a whiſtling Cobler.

Elv. I can ſcarce believe one of your Experience and Wiſdom would throw away an onely Daughter, fair and vertuous, on a Perjur'd man.

Gom. Heaven forbid! I'd rather bury her in a Nunnery, and ſo forth: and let the Family of the *Gomez's* periſh.

Elv. Yet ſuch is the falſe *Vitelli*, whom you deſign your Son-in-law.

Gom. You ſtartle me indeed; *Vitelli* my Son-in-law, falſe and perjur'd?

Elv. Yes, Sir, if breach of ſtricteſt Oaths and ſolemnſt Contract deſerve ſuch terms. Too ſure I found him ſo.

Gom. Then I am loſt. Pray, good Madam, methinks I ſhould, yet Heaven knows how unwillingly I believe you.

Elv. In ſhort, for 'tis grievous to tell a Truth to the Diſadvantage of one I can never hate; you ſee here the miſerable *Mariana*, whom treacherous Tears, and ſuch Oaths as the moſt jealous could not but truſt, betray'd to Love. 'Tis too plain, all men muſt be falſe, when after ſuch Vows *Vitelli* can prove ſo to me— wretched Woman!

Gom. Truſt me, Madam, I can weep, and ſo forth, at your Misfortunes———. But hope you miſtake the Perſon that is their cauſe. For this *Vitelli* I have entertain'd, has not been long enough in *Spain* to make a Contract, ſcarce ſee a Lady.

Elv. No, Sir, 'twas *Mexico* firſt gave me life (nor can my Fortune or Relation ſhame *Vitelli,*) and there my Heart was ſtole with fair bewitching words, and ſuch tempting ſhows of real Love as might diſpell a ſettled Hatred.——— Yet can you think it, Sir, this kind proteſting man, this *Vitelli* could prove falſe? falſe, oh my Heart! to *Mariana* that ſo lov'd him?

Clar. Brave Woman, ſhe almoſt makes me believe her.

Gom. You will not think it rude, if I take leave in a Buſineſs of ſuch weight, to clear ſome Doubts, *&c.* before I give full credit.

Elv. So far from that, you will oblige me by your Queſtions, the niceſt of which I know I can ſatisfie your greateſt Curioſity in. For, alas! Sir, that and its Circumſtances take up all my Care and Thoughts.

Gom. I ask then, did his Father know any thing of his Love? and by what means did you arrive?

Clar. No, that he ſtill kept conceal'd, for Reaſons I could never gueſs. Till finding my ſelf forlorn and left, that very morning we had appointed for our Marriage, by diligent ſearch I underſtood he was gone for *Spain*, to Marry your Daughter.——— Arm'd then with Love, which emboldens the moſt fearfull, diſguiz'd, I purſued him in another Ship, and a day after him landed at *Cadiz*; whence I am now come to beg Relief in ſuch a Cauſe as muſt concern every man's Honour that pretends to be generous, much more *Don Gomez*, and the Father of *Violante*.

Gom. Baſe *Vitelli*, thou canſt not be Son of good *Gonzalo*, nor e're ſhalt call me Father.——— What a Scape was here, and ſo forth!—— [*Aſide.*

Elv. That he is the *Vitelli* that I challenge, this will witneſs; given with ſuch moving Paſſion and ſuch Charms as has ruin'd the poor *Mariana*. [*Shews* Gomez Peralta's *Picture.*

Gom. This I know all true, and this the very ſame I once thought to call mine.——— But if——

Elv. What I beg is, you would endeavour to reſtore an unkind Huſband to the moſt unfortunate of Women. For, falſe as he is, I can forgive, whom I find I muſt ever love

Gom. If there be Laws, Juſtice, *&c.* in *Madrid*, I here engage to ſee you righted: nor is it more then the great Obligation this Diſcovery lays upon me may juſtly challenge.

Elv. I would, if poſſible, avoid Severity, for I muſt ſuffer when he is puniſht. Let him but be perſwaded to come hither, and I have ſome hopes he will not refuſe to own me.

Gom. That, Madam, ſhall ſpeedily be done, and my Daughter brought to wait upon you to my houſe. For this publick place is not fit for your Quality.

Elv. Heaven muſt reward ſuch Goodneſs, Sir.

[*Exit* Gomez.

Clar. This is right, and the Old Trout rarely tickled. Nor was there any other means of getting *Peralta* from his houſe, before the deſign'd Marriage was conſummate——— I'd give half my Maidenhead, to hear how the *Don* will teaze him, and ſo forth.

Elv. Something we ſtill want to make our Plot ſucceſsful, the Releaſe of the true *Vitelli* from Priſon; which muſt infallibly ruine *Peralta*'s Pretences; and to give my Brother timely notice, that thus aw'd I may ſecure him.

Clar. I'll undertake both, and in my old Diſguiſe to the Priſon, where 'tis odds but we find ſome Expedient. As for your Brother, his Lodgings are ſo near, he may be ſoon ſent for. But how convenient that will be, knowing his hot Temper, muſt be conſider'd of.

Elv.

Elv. This I reſolve, I'll be *Peralta*'s Wife,
Or to my Brother's Rage expoſe his Life. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.

A Room in Gomez *houſe.*

Peralta, Fabio.

Fab. NEver had Miſchief ſuch Succeſs: for certain you were wrapt in your Mother's Smock, and that a fine one too. The Old man is ſo confirm'd, he wreaths himſelf into the Toil, as if he reſolv'd never to get out.

Per. What may come of it hereafter I can't gueſs, but I am ſure to enjoy the Woman, and that will recompenſe twenty ſuch Hazards. All that ſeems unlucky is *Don Gomez* haſty Buſineſs, which defers a while our Marriage. But I reſolve not to ſtir to anſwer *Vitelli*, till *Violante*'s mine paſt recovery: for though I have no averſion to Fighting, I love a fair Lady much better.

Fab. By my troth, the ugliеſt would carry my Affections from that; and certainly man was made to increaſe the world, not to deſtroy it. But under favour, Sir, I hope you won't be ſo unfaſhionable to duel for your own Wife.

Per. No, Sot, I duel to kill *Vitelli*, whoſe mouth once ſtopt, who lives in this world to contradict me? And within a year, which is the ſooneſt I can be diſcover'd, I queſtion not but with a Trick I have ſo to pleaſe the Lady, that all will be reconciled.

Fab. This was a Maſter-piece beyond my dull reach; and now I dare pronounce you happy, for 'tis a ſweet one.

Per. 'Twas pleaſant to ſee, when the Old man would be offering at Queſtions, how the preſent of a Jewel diverted him; and the ſtory of a large Stone (which for all I know may be an *Indian* Pebble,) that I told him was one of the fam'd Jewels of the great *Montezuma*, ſeal'd up his inquiſitive Humour, and deliver'd him mine.

Fab. Yes, Sir, I obſerv'd then he hugg'd, and call'd you dear *Viteli*, Picture of *Gonzalo*, and onely one he would call Son. I'll ſwear I have ſeen a whole Comedy his had leſs Sport in't.

Per. Is the Prieſt ready?

Fab. Yes, yes, and has nothing to doe this half hour, but contrive a tolerable Leg not to be laught at.

Per. It muſt doe, without ſome Devil-Intelligencer owes me a ſpite: if ſo, this is his time to nick it.

Fab. Doe? the Devill has not Cunning enough, were you his Enemy, to prevent it. I went into the Kitchin, and the Cooks are as buſie as a new Politician imploy'd on gueſs: follow'd *Flora* up ſtairs, and found an experienced Matron making the Bed to the beſt advantage.

Enter Gomez, Violante.

Per. Here comes my Father and my Life. Now I venture to call you ſo, ſince my Joys are certain.

Gom. Never in worſe time. Know, Sir, he that is once perjur'd, and ſo forth, muſt be truſted by Fools, not old *Gomez*; mark that.

Fab. Here's a Showr in the midſt of Sunſhine. [*Aſide.*

Gom. Come, you ſtudy for ſome paltry Excuſe; but be aſſured I have found you baſe and treacherous.

Fab. Would I had a Musket on my ſhoulders in *Flanders.* [*Aſide.*

Per. You'll give one ſo perfectly innocent leave to be amaz'd at ſo great a Turn.

Gom. Muſt *Gomez* be pickt out of all men to be abuſed? or is this Maid an object fit for ſo baſe a Deſign? No, Sir, I ſhall provide you a Wife more ſuitable, and take care to ſecure you from the Danger you were running headlong into, and ſo forth.

Per. I can dread no Danger but your Diſpleaſure, and the Loſs of her I ſo intirely love.

Gom. You give a great proof of it, whilſt you thus contrive her Ruine.

Per. I have done nothing but what a violent Paſſion forc'd me to, nor is my Quality ſo mean.

Gom. I know your Quality, and ſo forth, and grieve a Gentleman ſo nobly born ſhould with ſuch Baſeneſs ſhame his Family.

Fab. Heaven grant he don't ſhame that, and the Family of the *Fabii* at the Gallows.

Viol. I ſhall forgive the Injury, if you return that Paſſion you ſpeak of, to her you have quitted to impoſe on me.——— Aſſure your ſelf henceforth you are more then a Stranger to *Violante.*

Per. *Elvira*'s Wrongs diſcover'd too? curſt Portmantue! this is paſt hopes. [*Aſide.*

Gom. Your Guilt may well ſilence you.

Per. The unthought-of Charge well may, with the greateſt wonder.

Gom.

Gom. That will ſoon ceaſe, when you ſhall ſee the fair and vertuous *Mariana*, whom you call'd Wife in *Mexico*; and has thence purſued you hither.

Per. 'Sdeath, I had laid Snares for my own catching. [*Aſide.*

Fab. Bear up, Sir, the wind veers fair again: this muſt be a groſs Miſtake, and at worſt give us leave to run for't.

Gom. The mention of her Name may well diſorder you, and ſo forth. If it be Remorſe for deſerting her, it may make ſome ſmall Amends. Poor Heart! ſhe muſt forgive, though ſhe has but little cauſe to love. And were ſhe my Daughter, and ſo forth.——

Per. I can ſcarce think I want a Pardon, when I am a Stranger to my Crime. And all Womenkind may as juſtly lay the ſame Claim as *Mariana*, whoſe very Name I ne'r was yet acquainted with.

Gom. That you are *Vitelli*, Son to *Gonzalo*, and ſo forth, I am fully ſatisfied, nor am I leſs, that ſhe ſpeaks truth, from whoſe own mouth I heard it.

Per. Is not her Diſcourſe wild, and ſhe juſtly to be ſuſpected to be beſide her ſelf? Pray, Sir, conſider how unlike this is the Son of that *Gonzalo* you call Friend.

Fab. I have waited on my Maſter ever ſince he could think towards Man; and let me beg your Pardon, Sir, have ticed him to Women, for fear he had no ſenſe that way: but when he ſaw this Lady's Picture, he was convinc'd, for the very firſt week he would gaze and kiſs; ſo that I left off Perſwaſions.——— But ne'r as yet heard of any *Mariana* ——— or any other, was ſhe ne'r ſo beauteous, in *Mexico*, that could divert his Thoughts.—— This, Sir, I offer my ſelf to ſwear.

Per. Though this Witneſs may be of proof, yet ſo much do I truſt my Innocence, that all I beg is, you would let me ſee this Lady. If ſhe can ſo much as name me with Aſſurance hers, which is the greateſt Curſe, here I relinquiſh all my Pretences to what I doat on.

Gom. This I like, though I have little reaſon to believe you willingly undertake. Come, Daughter, put on your Veil; we'll go to *Dormilon's*, the Inn you ſay you lighted at, and there expect you.—— Yet his Treaſure ſecures him from running. [*Aſide.*

Viol. I wait you Sir,——— and thank my Fortune, this ſuſpicion has leſs'ned my growing Love. [*Aſide.*

Per. Adieu, dear Miſtriſs, till the next Meeting ſhall approve me conſtant. [*Exeunt* Gomez, Violante.

[*To* Fabio.] Where am I, *Fabio?* within theſe few minutes, I would have quitted my Pretences for the very hopes of Liberty.

Fab. By my troth, Sir, for once take a Fool's advice; and now you may have it, never pretend more. For though this is ſome forſaken Virgin follows the true *Vitelli*; yet true Stories laid together will grow too ſtrong for Lies ne'r ſo well wrought.

Per. Thou art always Coward in the very nick of Victory. Is it not much eaſier to perſwade him ſhe is ſome common Jilt, hired by *Vitelli* to diſappoint our Marriage, then to outface the true *Vitelli?*

Fab. All I ſay is, Sir, with your Aſſurance I ſhould have made an excellent Servant. Now I know my ſelf modeſt, and ſo not capable.——

Well, 'tis hard when a Maſter takes ones calling from him, and incroaches on the very Secret of Lying that maintains him. [*Aſide.*

Per. He's doubly curſt is foundred near the Shore:
Fortune the Rudder guide, I'll pull the Oar. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE 1.

A Priſon.

Carlos, Vitelli.

Car. BElieve me, Sir, ſo much a Friend to Honour and Juſtice, eſpecially in a Lady's Quarrel, that nothing but Confinement could ſecure you from Revenge.

Vit. Believe me, Sir, to underſtand ſo much of Honour and Juſtice, that nothing but my Reſtraint ſhould bear theſe Injuries: and be aſſured I am as far from knowing the Lady you ſpeak of, as what you are; I will not ſay Trapans, for that may look like Railing and Cowardiſe thus diſarm'd.—— But——

Car. 'Tis a Phraſe belongs ſo properly to none as ſuch deny their Names. And were I *Peralta*, no Hazard ſhould ſo unman me to diſown it.

Vit. I have ſcarce Patience under ſuch Sufferance to deny that once again.——— Hell take the true Owner; and were I again amongſt the barbarous *Indians*, I would ſpend my Life in railing at what you think Civil.

Car. All this and more might paſs, did I not know it counterfeit, and what I urge, to the Advantage of one of more Fortune then you can pretend to. You too well know *Elvira.*

Vit. Is a Strumpet to be impos'd on Fools; nor am I ſo dull, that the fear of a falſe Impriſonment ſhould marry me to a Whore.

Car. One more ſuch word, and by Heaven the Laws of Honour cannot ſecure thee. Strumpet and Whore, to one I name otherwiſe, though ſo, were Death.

Vit. I as little fear your Threats, as underſtand your Niceties of Honour: but this I dare boldly urge, ſhe that will court an Acquaintance can be little better.——— But ſhould I allow her Vertuous, what is ſhe to me? or why muſt I needs be fixt upon by the Name of one I have ſuch juſt cauſe to hate? Or why ſhould you miſtruſt a Story that muſt ſeem probable at leaſt to the moſt prejudiced?

Car. This ſeems an honeſt Confidence, and the Maid might be a Diſſembler. [*Aſide.*

Vit. Once more I tell you I am *Vitelli*, a Stranger to *Spain*; that I was

was robb'd by this *Peralta*, both of my Treaſure and Miſtreſs, and have nothing in exchange but thoſe Papers and old Cloaths, on which you ground this Miſtake. And were I at liberty, my Sword ſhould make the Villain confeſs this Truth.

Car. Theſe ſtrong Denials make me begin to doubt; and ſhould you prove what you ſay you are, I have reaſon to beg your Pardon, though my juſt Concern for the Lady and her Brother will very much excuſe this Earneſtneſs.

Enter Luis.

Luis. Which is the Priſoner?

Vit. My being diſarm'd may ſoon reſolve you.

Luis. This frees you. [*Shews him a Pardon.*] And now thou art ſo, I can joy to ſee thee,——— Why ſo ſtrange? muſt not the Pardon tell thee, 'tis thy Uncle that has obtain'd it? And though thou art a Stranger to his Face, yet methinks the Kindneſs ſhould make thee conclude me *Don Luis*, whom you have ſo long converſt with by Letters.

Vit. Gentlemen, if you have deſign'd to ruine me, do't ſome more manly way. 'Tis too cruel thus to prolong my Torment. Old Gentleman, your Age ſecures you from Abuſe.

Luis. Hah! what's this? Ruine, Torment, Abuſe? what can *Peralta* mean thus to return ſo great a kindneſs as his Liberty? eſpecially to one he knows loves him, and on that account with greateſt difficulty and charge has purchas'd it?

Vit. I know no Pardon I want, nor does that Dog that owns the name of *Peralta* deſerve it.

Luis. Be not ſo ſevere againſt your ſelf: other Young men have been guilty of as great Faults; beſides, you kill'd him fairly.

Vit. Leave, or I'll ſtudy ſome greater Curſe then Madneſs ever could invent, and make it my only Prayer it may fall upon you.

Luis. You are much altered ſince you writ laſt from *Valencia*.——— Pray, Sir, can you gueſs the cauſe of this Diſtraction? it makes me weep. [*To* Carlos.

Car. Faith, Sir, I am much a Stranger; unleſs it be his fear of Revenge for the Wrongs he has done a Lady perſwades him to conceal himſelf, I am wholly ignorant. I found him much in the ſame Humour, and began to give credit to him till your coming.

Luis. Deareſt *Peralta*, be thy ſelf; if my Life or Fortune, which is no ſmall one, can ſerve you, thou art ſafe. By thy Father's Soul I beg, who left thee to my Care.

Car. This muſt be he.——— Come, Sir, you know I propoſed moſt honourable means of Reconcilement to *Antonio*; and if you marry *Elvira*, whoſe Beauty and Fortune are too conſiderable for the proudeſt to deſpiſe———

Vit. Hell take you both: or may you live to meet Miſeries like mine. Do you not think Confinement plague enough, but muſt I be thus rackt with Lies and Nonſenſe?

Luis. Oh, Sir! had you known him when young, for ſince I have not ſeen him, this would afflict you. [*To* Carlos.

Clara *comes in with man's cloaths*; Vitelli *ſeeing her ſpeaks.*

Vit. Oh, I have ſtill one Friend left: welcome, Sir, for ne'r was Wretch ſo timely ſuccour'd. 'Las, I have ſuffered paſt the Cruelty of *Turks* betwixt theſe two Tormentours.

Clar. That's *Antonio*'s Companion, or I miſtake; but this Diſguiſe protects me. ——— I wiſh it were in my power to eaſe you, or in my Friend's, the Knight of *Malta*, at whoſe deſire I now wait on you.

Vit. They ſwear me down that I'm *Peralta*. The man, you well know, deſerves my utmoſt Hatred, and by Heaven ſhall feel it.——— Tell me Stories of one *Elvira* I have wrong'd, of Murther I have committed: nay, the old Gentleman fawns and cries, and calls me dear *Peralta*, and offers me my Pardon and my Liberty meerly to abuſe me. Is not this Sufferance beyond Patience, when I know all falſe and counterfeit?

Clar. This is an Opportunity not to be loſt.——— [*Aſide.*

Truth is, you act it bravely; but the Danger's paſt, and you may ſafely own your ſelf. [*Aloud.*

[*To* Vitelli *apart.*] Be *Peralta*, nothing elſe can gain your Liberty, and this to my knowledge ſecures your Miſtreſs.

Gentlemen, you may think what you have heard ſtrange, but the neceſſity of his Affairs I dare aſſure you made it requiſite.

Car. Prodigious! what may not a man doe with this Impudence? But his Liberty will be good news for *Antonio*, whom he muſt prepare to anſwer.

Clar. Pray, Sir, let me undertake the Buſineſs, who throughly underſtand the Affair; and will engage, if you bring *Antonio* to *Dormilon*'s, either fully to make up the Breach, or that *Peralta* with his Sword ſhall give him Satisfaction.

Car. That's all I wiſh; I'll immediately go find him.—— We ſhall expect you, Sir.

Vit. Where?

Clar. At the Inn whither you are going.

Vit. I will not fail. [*To* Luis.] Whither if you pleaſe to accompany me, which I am apt to hope, ſince you have ſo much Goodneſs to forgive me, I will unfold my whole Story.

Luis. I can forgive him any thing I ſo truly love, and am confi-

dent ſome weighty Reaſons urge you to this Denial of your Name.

Clar. That you'll be aſſur'd of when you know each Circumſtance, but now 'twill be too tedious; beſides, his Buſineſs yonder requires diſpatch.

Luis. Along then, I have already diſcharg'd your Fees.

Vit. I wholly commit my ſelf to your Management.

Clar. Which with this unexpected Succeſs cannot poſſibly miſcarry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

Elvira's *Chamber in the Inn.*

Gomez, Elvira, Violante, Flora.

Gom. 'Tis no more then what I promis'd, Madam, and was bound to perform.

Elv. This is too much Honour, Madam, and I am ſo perfectly a Stranger, that I muſt deſpair of a Requital.

Viol. Your Acquaintance would doubly recompenſe, could this be thought an Obligation.

Elvira *and* Violante *talk,* Elvira's *back toward the door, where enters* Peralta *and* Fabio.

Gom. Come, Sir, now I hope you will prove your ſelf a Gentleman, honeſt, and ſo forth.

Per. I never was charg'd for otherwiſe by any one that underſtood me, and queſtion not but to unravel this Miſtake.

Gom. Here's your *Vitelli*, Madam, and I am thus far diſcharg'd of my Engagement. [Elvira *turns towards* Peralta.

Per. Elvira? this is a Rock muſt ſplit me.

Fab. 'Tis not in the power of Impudence to ſave us. [*Aſide.*

Elv. Have I once more met thee, cruel, falſe man? it ſhall be hard to fly me. [Elvira *lays hold of* Peralta.

Viol. How ſtrangely fond ſhe is!

Flo. It may be the Cuſtom in *Mexico.*

Per. Madam, if my being like the man you are ſo well acquainted with diſturbs you, I had beſt remove the Object; 'tis unſeemly to uſe a Stranger thus.

Elv.

Elv. No, *Vitelli*, for by that Name thou won'ſt me; thou too well know'ſt the wrong'd *Elvira*, and thoſe many Oaths that ſeal'd thy treacherous Love, e're to diſown me. Canſt thou forget *Valentia*? thoſe Tears that made me thine? Is this the Recompence of too great Tokens of the fondeſt Dotage? [*He flings from her.*

Gom. What can all this mean?

Per. Heaven knows, I am perfectly ignorant, nor to this time e're beheld her face. Had I, Sir, could you think me ſo cruel to deſpiſe ſuch Beauty?

Elv. Canſt thou forget, when languiſhing at my feet you lay, and dying vow'd, thence ne'r to ſtir till I had granted your Requeſt? wone then, I eaſie Fool believ'd, and periſhed.

Gom. There muſt be truth in this, no Woman e're could counterfeit to ſuch height.

Per. Truth? all's an evident Cheat. You ſee ſhe talks no more of *Mexico* and *Mariana*, but of *Valentia* and *Elvira*, names I'm a perfect Stranger to.

Gom. Lady, this ſudden change of your Story is enough to give me ground of Suſpicion, and ſo forth.

Flo. What can you believe, Madam?

Viol. Nothing, but I naturally pity the poor Woman.

Elv. Conſider, Sir, I had no other means but this Pretence to get him from your Houſe, and ſave your Daughter from Ruine. I freely confeſs I am not *Mariana*, nor a *Mexican*: nor is he *Vitelli*, or an *Indian*; but *Peralta*, a Captain of *Flanders*, who in his Journey hither ſtopt at *Valentia*, meerly to deſtroy the wretch'd *Elvira*.

Gom. This is ſomething of the Story the pretended *Vitelli* told, and ſo forth, is it not?

Per. Now you have hit it, the ſame; and ſhe without queſtion one of *Fernando*'s Dependants, hired by this Counterfeit to defraud me of my Miſtreſs. Does not this ſound probable?

Gom. Moſt likely; nay, I knew I ſhould ſmell it, were it to be found above ground. Let old *Gomez* alone for Diſcoveries, &c.

Per. I hope, Sir, no unlucky Accident can now diſturb my Joys, but you will once more tell me I ſhall be bleſt.

Gom. Yes, yes, we'll about it preſently. Come, *Vil.* a little Oppoſition makes the Victory more welcome. It will be no Rudeneſs to leave you alone, Madam; I ſuppoſe you'll quickly find your Companion.

Per. No queſtion, Sir, ſhe has plenty.

Elvira. Baſe man! reflect upon my Honour too? Stay, Sir, for Heaven's ſake ſtay. Here's one can witneſs all I ſay is truth, that has been the conſtant Meſſenger of our Loves. Speak, dear *Fabio*; thou wert once all Honeſty: I'll treble all thy paſt Rewards.

Fab. You need not bribe me to ſpeak Truth.

Gom. This is Trifling, and ſo forth; but let's hear him.

Fab. I know you expect nothing but Truth from me.

Per. Dog! will he betray me yet? [*Aſide.*

Elv. Nothing elſe, dear *Fabio*; this may at laſt be ſome Remedy.—— Tedious *Clara.*——

Fab. Why then, Sir, upon the word of an Honeſt man, I never before ſo much as heard of *Valentia* or *Elvira*; and to my certain aſſurance, my Maſter knows nothing either of them or *Flanders.* This is what I can declare in ſhort.

Elv. Slave! were I but a minute Man, thou ſhouldſt not outlive this Lie.

Per. You find, Sir, how ſhe ſtudies Delays, though it be to create Witneſſes againſt her ſelf. The Rogue lies with more confidence then the boldeſt of others can ſpeak truth.

Aſide.

Elv. Since I am thus baſely uſed, tremble at *Antonio*'s Rage, who ſhall bravely revenge my Wrongs, and teach you what it is to ſcorn a Woman's Love.

Per. This muſt be ſome Player that has been uſed to act a Paſſion, ſhe does it with ſuch Art.

Gom. By my troth, her way of Speech and Action pleaſes me much. And were not our Buſineſs earneſt, and ſo forth, I would ſtay to hear her.

[*As they are going, ſhe ſtops* Violante.

Elv. As for you, Madam, whoſe Ruine I foreſee equal with my own, let this Sea-mark warn you, and learn of her that teaches by Experience, not to truſt thoſe Angel-like bewitching Lips which with ſuch power move, they might intice a Nun profeſſing at the Altar; yet are full as falſe and treacherous as you think me.

Viol. 'Tis Cuſtom rules me, and a Father's Will, not my own Choice. Were it in my power, he ſhould be ſtill your's, if he was ever ſo.

Elv. No, no, I know you muſt love, and fondly doat; I'm ſure the wretch'd *Elvira* did. Alas! his Words are Charms, and each Action carries ſuch Perſwaſive Eloquence, that were he not falſe——

Flo. Well, Madam, I am confident the Lady's wrong'd.

Viol. So far it works on me, as could I, to defer the Match a while,———

Elv. Bleſſed Tongue! but are you ſo much more then Woman, to withſtand his well-weigh'd, inſinuating Vows? cannot Proteſtations made by ſubtleſt art and dying Poſtures move? for he uſed ſuch to me, and ſuch muſt conquer. But I am troubleſome, and you will curſe me for ſpeaking ill of one I ſhould ſtill hate her that rail'd on.

Viol.

Viol. So much your Paſſion moves me, that, propoſe a way, and, if poſſible, I will ſerve you.

Elv. 'Tis Impudence to beg ſo great a Treaſure. It may be he'll prove true to you, and 'twas *Elvira* onely that was born to be thus miſerable.

Enter to them Clara, Luis, Vitelli.

Elv. to *Clara.*] Oh *Clara*, ſtill more wretched! with a fixt Confidence he denies me, and obſtinately ſays he is the *Indian Vitelli.* Is there the leaſt ſhow of Help? ſpeak, dear, deareſt *Clara.*

Clar. You make me mad to be thus paſſionate, when there is almoſt certainty of Relief.

Per. to *Gomez.*] You ſee how fond ſhe is of Men, and how well they are acquainted.

While Gomez *and* Don Luis *talk to one another,*
Elvira *addreſſing her ſelf to* Vitelli *ſpeaks.*

Elv. Yes, Sir, you ſee here the unfortunate *Elvira*, who in the Diſguiſe of a Knight of *Malta* follow'd yon falſe, barbarous man.——
[*Pointing to* Peralta.

My Miſery makes me paſt all ſhame. [*Aſide.*

Vit. This doubles my Hatred.

Clar. No Whining, but have confidence of a Remedy. A little Patience and your Brother's coming muſt clear this Deceit. I'll go try to wheadle that Raſcal *Fabio.*

Gom. None is more then my ſelf a Servant to the good *Don Luis Pacheco.*

Luis. I muſt always be happy to ſee *Don Gomez.*

Per. That ſhould be my Uncle by his Name; if he knows me, I'm compell'd to yield. [*Aſide.*

Clar. to *Fabio.*] Is your Maſter, which you ſo commended, turn'd *Indian* ſince I laſt ſaw you?

Fab. Friend, I have ſome ſerious Affairs, which are not to be diſturb'd by Impertinent Queſtions.

Clar. Good, grave Sir, give me leave.—— There was a Raſcal *Fabio* I have ſeen, that ſtrangely reſembled you, who pretended a ſmattering after a Damſel hight *Clara*; have you met with ſuch a one in your Travels?

Fab. Pert Sir, I am at preſent melancholick, and will know nobody.

Clar. Since you are ſo ſurly, it ſhall go hard but I bring you acquainted w.th the Gallows.

Gom. Your Nephew that——— [*Pointing to* Vitelli. my Son-in-Law here tells me is one *Fernando*, was bred up with him at *Mexico*. Was't not ſo?

Per. Right, Sir, and till this juſt Breach between us———

Pox on't, I have ſpun my thread too fine. [*Aſide.*

Luis. Aſſure your ſelf, my Nephew is an abſolute Stranger to the *Indies*. Till thirteen I bred him here in *Madrid*, and ſince he has ſpent his time in *Flanders*; where unfortunately killing an Enſign, he was forc'd to ſue out his Pardon, and not an hour ſince was releaſt.

Vit. Believe, Sir, though I was glad to accept my Liberty on any terms, I ne'r yet ſaw *Flanders*, nor was e're in *Spain* till my landing at *Cadiz*. There ſtands your Nephew, if you think fit to own one ſo baſe; who is the Robber of my Treaſure, the actual Ruiner of this Lady's Honour, and great Deſigner on her I have a juſt Pretence to, might my Story gain credit.

Elv. to Luis, *and pointing to* Peralta.] And if you call him Nephew, as certainly he is, you muſt own me for Neece, for ten thouſand times he has call'd me Wife. Nor could his Ambition riſe higher then my Fortune, which ſhould have been intirely his, had he ſpoke truth.

Gom. Good faith, had not I a ſtay'd Judgement, and ſo forth, this would half diſtract me.

Luis. 'Tis all Riddle to me, but I gueſs at a way ſhall unfold it.

Enter Antonio, Carlos.

Car. Remember your Promiſe, and keep your Temper: this I juſtly challenge from you, and expect.

Ant. I am nothing but what you will have me.

Elvira *and* Clara *kneeling to* Antonio.

Elv. Thus low I do implore a Brother's Pardon; but my Fault has found already too ſevere Puniſhment.

Clar. I hope, Sir, you will forgive the exact Duty I ow'd a Miſtreſs I ſo dearly lov'd.——— 'Tis *Clara* begs it, Sir.

Ant. You have made me too much a Stranger to your Affairs to think me concern'd. But the Love I always paid *Elvira* ſcarce deſerv'd ſo great Neglect.

To Carlos.] I think I keep my word.

To

To Vitelli.] As to you, Sir, (for I hate long Stories,) either be honourable, and repair this Lady's Wrongs by Marriage, (I will not call her Sister,) or prepare to die; so base a Cause can hope no other Success.

Vit. Still the same Errour? would you have me marry one I am a Stranger to, and as Woman never till this minute saw? But know, I am so far from thinking wrong, that this shall ne'r be drawn sooner then to serve her. [*Points to his Sword.*

Ant. By Heaven, these petty Shifts——

Car. Antonio.—— [*To* Vitelli,] That you are *Peralta*, you at our last Meeting own'd; when this which now proves *Clara* engag'd you should make a Reconcilement. What means then this new Pretence?

Vit. By that I purchas'd Liberty, and now persist in my first Truth.

Elv. Believe me, Sir, there stands the false cruel man, the treacherous *Peralta*. [*Points to* Peralta.

Clar. That's the base Wretch, for so I dare call him; and with This will revenge my Lady's Wrongs.

[*Lays hold on her Sword.*

Per. to *Gomez.*] You see, Sir, how they drive on their Conspiracy. A little more Impudence will perswade me out of my Name too.

Gom. So much they perswade me, that I'll e'n home.—— Come, *Vil.* this Design's at an end, for I'll never marry thee at Uncertainties, and so forth.—— Here's two *Vitelli's*, two *Peralta's*, *Fernando's*, *Elvira's*, *Mariana's*, the Devil and all; and yet neither *Vitelli*, nor *Peralta*, &c.

Vit. This Delay is all I intreat to gain my Mistress, and a few days hence my Messenger's return from *Cadiz* will assure you I am *Vitelli*.

Ant. I'll kill them both, and that makes sure of my Enemy.——

Luis. Then I'll try my last means; and 'tis what I solemnly swear, from this minute never to call him Nephew, nor possess him of a Rial of my Estate, that does not immediately own me.

Fab. to Peralta *softly.*] 'Slife, Sir, will you lose a hundred thousand Ducats for the hopes of a Wench?—— nay, no hopes?

Luis. Nay more, this Lady's Story touches me so near, that if she be a Gentlewoman, he forfeits my Love in refusing to right her.

Ant. He that questions that must be ignorant she is my Sister.

Per. I have no reason to expect Forgiveness, who have been the general Abuser of the whole Company. But if Love can cover Faults, I have great Pretences. First then, [*To* Luis.] I humbly beg your Pardon; and if you will receive that Nephew you have taken such care

to

to preſerve, here *Peralta* entreats.

Luis. Truth is, Nephew, this was a little too high driven; but if you can reconcile your ſelf with the reſt, I muſt forgive one I love. And now I more earneſtly view you, I dare conclude you the Son of my Brother.

Gom. Well, I will never truſt Age and Experience more, *&c.*

Per. to Elvira.] Your Pardon, Madam, which I have greateſt cauſe to beg, I ſcarce dare ask: but if you forgive this Sally of Youth, and my Uncle conſent, I am for ever yours.——

To Antonio.] Sir, this I hope you'll yield to, and honour me with a permiſſion to call you Brother.

Car. to Antonio.] Refuſe, *Antonio*, and you break your vow'd Engagement.

Ant. I yield to any thing is juſt, and if you behave your ſelf worthily, ſhall make no ſmall increaſe to your Fortune.

Per. to Elvira.] Can you once more think me true?

Elv. I muſt think any thing you'll have me.

Per. To take off all Scruple, I openly confeſs the Portmantue I brought you was mine by miſtake, and upon that I grounded all my Pretence. But I ſhall ſufficiently make Amends, by yielding up that, and this a much greater Treaſure. [*Bowing to* Violante.

Vit. Had I deſign'd a Quarrel, the Intereſt you have in this Lady would make us Friends.——— And thus emboldned I dare call you Father, and my ſelf this Fair one's Servant.

Gom. 'Tis ſtrange that I ſhould not know thee, for by my troth thou haſt *Gonzalo*'s Caſt, and ſo forth: and I will think of no Unkindneſs, ſince I am thus aſſured.

Ant. My Journey to *Madrid* was well deſign'd, and I can once more call my ſelf *Antonio.*

Gom. You ſhall all to my Houſe, *&c.* for I love Weddings, and reſolve to laugh at this Adventure.

They talk together.

Fab. Nay, Miſtreſs *Clara*, I was not altogether ſo falſe as you think; for *Fabio* the *Indian* courted her, but *Fabio* the *Spaniard* was always conſtant.

Clar. No more, my *Don* of the *Netherlands*, *Clara* will not pretend to hold ſo ſlippery an Eel, and ſhe that will may take you for better for worſe in beſt Capacities.

Fab. You have your liberty, they that quarrel for you muſt ſtrangely love Fighting.

Luis. Why then all's agreed, and this little Noiſe may make a laſting Friendſhip.

Enter

Enter Dormilon.

Dor. I have overheard ſo much as to know you merry.——— What do you think of calling the Getano's in, who are juſt going by to Saint *Hieronimo*'s ?

Gom. By all means call them in, *&c.* I will have one merry day after all, let the reſt look to themſelves.

Dormilon *returns with the* Spaniſh *Gipſies.*

A DANCE.

Gom. Very well, very well. But this loſes time : let's to the Church, and ſo forth.

For fear new Scruples ſhould ariſe,
I'd rather be Reſolv'd then Wiſe.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE

ſpoken by Mrs. *Barry*.

IF any of you have a mind to fight,
Let him affront our pretty Female-knight.
For though her rambling Errantry is done;
Since ſhe's in danger of your damning Frown,
Here as her Squire a Challenge I proclaim:
Declare your Weapon, Time, and Place, and Name.
When you ſhall own with ſhame, upon your knees,
You fail much oftner then our Sex, to pleaſe.
Perhaps her Servant by the Ladies may
Be cenſur'd, that he baſely ran away:
But few, when they'd attain'd ſo much, would ſtay.
Yet now the Power's by Marriage in her hand,
Who may at leiſure due Revenge command.
For if he goes this year to the Campaign,
A Friend may in his ſtead at home remain.
Gallants, I needs muſt pray for ſome of you,
Who with ſuch heat to the Low-Countries *go,*
That when you come again, if e're you do,
You may be welcom'd with the loſs of ſome rich Friend,
Who's made you Heir to all he left behind.
And be aſſur'd we'll prove exceeding kind
To thoſe who come with Scars of Honour home,
If to inherit good Eſtates they come.
'Faith then, to us be favourable now,
That we hereafter may be ſo to you.
For thoſe who mean to ſtay within the Nation,
Let all new Plays now have their Approbation,
Conſidering ſhortly comes a long Vacation:
'Gainſt when, we ſhall no more reſerve new Play,
Then Vintner ſtock of French-wine *till* May-day.

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